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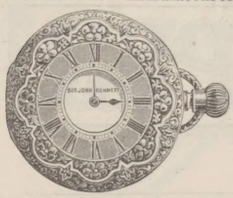

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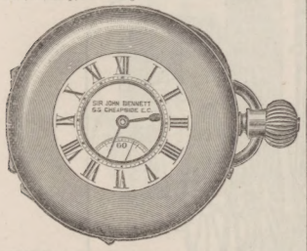

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The present system of living—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, saccharine, and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise—frequently deranges the liver. I would advise all bilious people, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks, avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. Experience shows that sugar, pink or chemically coloured sherbet, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines, and gin or whisky largely diluted with soda-water, will be found the least objectionable. **ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"** is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health. A world of woes is avoided by those who keep and use **ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"**; therefore no family should ever be without it.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Artistic and Literary communications for this Journal should be addressed to the Editor of THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER, and should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, THOMAS FOX, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, London.

PERSONAL POLITICS

The Naval Manœuvres.

I AM afraid the Naval Manœuvres have not been much of a success. There are two parties among naval men in regard to them, one of whom blames Sir George Tryon, and the other Sir Michael Culme Seymour. On the face of it, the latter is responsible for the fiasco. He showed, indeed, that he could keep away from the enemy and at the same time damage our commerce on the trade route for ten days. Well, it is possible that he might. But Sir George Tryon foresaw this contingency, and expressly stated in his memorandum before the manœuvres commenced that if Sir Michael adopted this strategy he could not hope to catch him with the force of warships and cruisers at his disposal, and that the manœuvres would be a farce. Well, that is precisely what happened. Apparently, the Admiralty bungled about the number of cruisers which Sir George was to have at his disposal, and thereby left him helpless. But, in spite of all these facts, I confess that there is a large party among naval folk who blame not Sir Michael but Sir George. There was a time when people were talking as if we had a new Nelson in Admiral Tryon, whose showy successes in manœuvres were beginning to attract a good deal of attention. The note is changed now, and poor Sir George has to bear the full blunt of the naval man's censure, which is all the harder because it is visited on a deposed favourite. Such is life! It seems to me the whole business is absurd. What clue do naval manœuvres give us to what will happen in time of war? None whatever. Our smartest Admiral may come hopelessly to grief when the hour of trial comes, and England may be saved by some obscure Middy or Lieutenant.

Lord George Hamilton.

However this may be, I find a singular unanimity of censure in regard to the conduct of the Admiralty in providing a set of instructions which nobody could keep without reducing the manœuvres to absurdity. Of course, the Naval Lords and their advisers are chiefly to blame for this, though Lord George Hamilton has to bear a good deal of the responsibility. I am rather sorry for Lord George. He is not a brilliant young man, as "Dizzy" once thought him, and he has of late subsided more and more into the good young official—steady-going, unambitious, doing his routine work admirably, but not exactly carrying out the promise of his political youth. I never thought George as clever as his brother Claud, who, with all his hardness, could every now and then make a rattling speech, and had a first-rate head of his own. But I always think that officials want grip, go, and interest. As soon as they get into the mill-round they become more or less automata—their natures subdued to that they work in. So it is with Lord George. He is just as good—and as bad—a First Lord of the Admiralty as we have had any time these last ten years. And as we are ever likely to have—"until the times do alter."

LORD GEORGE HAMILTON,
M.P. FOR THE EALING DIVISION OF MIDDLESEX, FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

"The Star"

is a very smart little paper, but it sometimes makes a mistake. The other day it had an amusing article on Mr. Balfour bathing. The scene was Overstrand, near Cromer, and Mr. Balfour's companion was, I believe, Mr. Cyril Flower, M.P., who has a delightful place in the very heart of what is known as "Poppy Land." But the *Star* man for once was mistaken. True, the bather, whose languorous beauty was the admiration of all beholders, was a Balfour, but it was not *the* Balfour. It was, I am informed, Mr. Arthur Balfour's brother, Mr. Gerald, one of the members for Leeds, who happens to be of the same willowy make as the more famous Arthur.

Politicians' Pastimes.

The readers of the *Penny Illustrated* will be wondering what I mean by introducing this light gossip of bathers into a grave column like this of "Personal Politics." Well, I know it is a common phantasy among newspaper readers that journalists never want a holiday, and, as a matter of fact, it is very true that many never get one. Men may come and men may go, but the newspaper, like Tennyson's brook, goes on for ever. However, I was thinking the other day of the different ways in which our public men spend their leisure time. Mr. Balfour, as everyone knows, golfs, and golfs not particularly well. Sir William Harcourt lounges his time away at his very beautiful place in the New Forest. Mr. Gladstone shuts himself in his library at Hawarden, varying his life with a walk to the Rectory and a series of homely, quiet meals, taken with absolute punctuality. Wood-chopping, save for small sticks and boughs, is now forbidden. Mr. Chamberlain is less of a home bird, but he too is often in gorgeous, rather vulgar, Highbury. He is of extremely sedentary habits, and fond of good living, and you never saw him rowing, to save his life, as his friend Sir Charles Dilke does, or fencing, or riding, or pistol-shooting, as that same accomplished gentleman is in the habit of doing. Lord Salisbury is another rather idle man, in the physical sense—that is to say, he is of rather too bulky build to go in for physical exercise of a vigorous kind. Mr. Bryce is a type of another kind of man altogether—traveller, climber (he has "done" most of the big peaks all the world over), and what not. Mr. Morley, who is dyspeptic, is quiet in his holiday habits, and likes rustic surroundings in Devon or Surrey, Haslemere being a favourite retreat of his. Among lawyers, Sir Charles Russell's delight is the green turf, Sir Richard Webster is an oarsman, and Sir Edward Clarke likes a quiet scull up the Thames. Professor Huxley and Professor Tyndall are both accomplished mountaineers; and mountaineering has, for some reason or another which I could never fathom, some strange charm for our leading publishers. And so on, and so on. I could go on for ever.

MISS ATTALIE CLAIRE, THE YOUNG CANADIAN PRIMA DONNA AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

From a Photograph by Mr. Alfred Ellis, 20, Upper Baker-street, W.

General Booth.

I had a long talk the other day with General Booth about his new scheme of semi-political, semi-social reform. What a strange man he is!—impulsive, open-hearted, generous, erratic, and yet full of a shrewd worldly strain which was very curious to watch—as curious as his long face, with its grey, keen eyes, its wavy hair and beard, and his eccentric dress. General Booth is a hedonist. "I want to make people happy," is his formula. Politics he doesn't believe in; but he has a social politics of his own, which he is going to cultivate through labour bureaux, reform agencies, and what not. He has a gigantic scheme afoot which he illustrates by means of an elaborate series of maps. A strange man—and very far from being a bad one!

Mr. Stanley

commences his tour in America at the Opera House, New York, early in November. Mr. G. W. Appleton, of the Lecture Bureau, on this side, and Mr. Pond, on the American side, have arranged his plan of campaign, and he will deliver in all forty lectures save one. Four years ago he was to give fifty lectures throughout the States, but he had only given eleven of the series when he was summoned to go in quest of Emin. The thirty-nine to be delivered this autumn are the balance of that series; but the subject will of course be fresh, and as for the price to be paid—well, Dickens's record will be beaten all to pieces. The terms are far and away the highest ever given to any lecturer. If he has energy left him for further platform work, Mr. Stanley will probably commence a tour through the English provinces towards the beginning of March.

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

FACTS AND FACES.

Miss Attalie Claire.

Who is she? Where does she come from? These queries reached my ear when daintily pretty and graceful Miss Attalie Claire (looking much younger than she does in the photograph on the previous page) first stepped on to the stage of the Prince of Wales's on Monday night as the heroine of "Captain Thérèse," and at once made a most favourable impression by the rare sweetness and sympathetic charm with which she sang her dulcet opening "Pensionnaire's Song." The fair and sparkling young débutante has a delightful mezzo-soprano voice, and when she has quite recovered from her recent severe illness I have no doubt she will speedily become a popular favourite. It has been said that this enchanting little prima donna is American by birth. This is an error. Miss Attalie Claire is a Canadian. She was born in Toronto, and so were both her parents. Her father is a grandson of the celebrated Scottish musical composer Mr. R. A. Smith. Attalie Claire was only about a twelvemonth old when her father and mother (who accompany her to England) migrated to the United States. They lived for some years in Albany, and then removed to New York. There the budding songstress became a pupil of the National Conservatory of Music, receiving her musical education under Madame Fürsch-Madi. Miss Claire made her début in the National Opera Company at Hartford, Conn., in the part of Siebel in "Faust." She then added to her experience by touring with the Ludwig Concert Company, and afterwards as contralto with the Boston Ideal Company. Last year she enjoyed the advantage of being with the Patti-Tamagno Company, under the management of MM. Abbey and Grau, and she received the kindest encouragement from Adelina Patti and Madame Albani. Miss Attalie Claire played for two summer seasons in New York such important rôles as Marguerite in "Faust," the capricious gipsy heroine of "Carmen," Arline in Balfe's ever-popular "Bohemian Girl," under the direction of Mr. J. W. Morrissey, who, by the way, is doing more for English Opera than any other Manager in America. Considering that Miss Attalie Claire left a sick-bed to sing on the first night of "Captain Thérèse," she acquitted herself very well indeed. May the Good Fortune she pluckily works for be the lot of Miss Attalie Claire!

Favourite Holiday Haunts,

the pleasure-towns where the busy bees of the national hive gather the honey of renewed health, and the welcome rest that restores their energy, are being depicted and described in the *P.I.P.*, with the result, I sincerely hope, that many of our hard-working readers of both sexes have been introduced to holiday resorts which will, at least, impart a spell of brightness to their laborious lives, making their wan cheeks glow again and raising their drooping spirits. Spa, the Belgian Eden, and Cromer, Norfolk's seaside beauty-spot, are lightly hit off on another page of the present Number. Exhilarating Eastbourne and delightful Hastings (with its Fairlight Glen and Lovers' Seat), among the most charming and beautiful of South-coast Watering Places, might likewise seasonably be enthusiastically praised just now, for their salubrity and their picturesqueness are each year becoming more and more appreciated, and thousands of hard-working Londoners have sunny memories of beneficial visits to these paradises by the sea. A more bracing air is to be enjoyed at

Whitby,

the flourishing Yorkshire Watering Place limned by an observant young Artist on the front page. Yorkshire people are proverbially among the heartiest and most good-natured of our race; and this bluff kind-heartedness adds to the pleasure of a trip either to Scarborough or to less gay yet very attractive Whitby. Antiquaries will tell you that Whitby (which is situated some miles to the north of Scarborough) owed its origin to the foundation there of an abbey in 658, by Oswy, King of Northumberland. Be that as it may, many fresh visitors to Whitby will find the place particularly inviting, because it possesses a harbour with ships in it, as well as the customary marine parade and pier of a Watering-Place. Built along the sloping banks of the Esk, which forms the harbour, the old town of Whitby is connected by a drawbridge. Whitby men make good sailors. The boys will be interested to know that the stout ships with which Captain Cook made his first voyage round the world were built at Whitby, near the house in which the famous navigator served as apprentice. The house is situated in the first turning to the right from Church-street, with the date 1688 over the door. Hie to the West Cliff for the Royal Hotel or for good and clean lodgings. Quieter than the band-haunted Scarborough "Dagonet" made merry over in last Sunday's *Referee*, Whitby will be found a capital health-restorer to those who sensibly don't care a fig for going to the seaside to exhibit themselves in so many fashionable costumes or so many suits of clothes. Much of Whitby's breeziness and jollity are caught by Mr. Cleaver in his cluster of characteristic sketches. Fine views abound. Very striking is the view commanded from the churchyard of St. Mary, comprising, as it does, the port of Whitby and the West Cliff likewise; the coast of Durham being also visible herefrom in remarkably clear weather. Trust the ladies of your party to lay in a stock of Whitby jet, the best quality of which is found at Mulgrave, as mentioned in an old couplet:—

> The rocks by Moulgrave, too, my glorie forth to set,
> Out of their crannied cleves can give you perfect jet.

All the stock seaside recreations are furnished by Whitby, an excursion to which puts colour into pale faces, brightens the eyes, and impregnates the system with ozone. They who have once drunk in health at Whitby return to it again and again with unfailing delight. There is excellent bathing. Any number of "castles in Spain" may be built by the youngsters on the sands. Then there are captivating inland drives and walks, health-giving strolls on the pier and parade, a well-stocked library, plenty of individuality to study, the fisherfolks of the harbour to visit and chat with; and there are the romantic associations of Whitby into the bargain. Wasn't Whitby the "Monkshaven" of Mrs. Gaskell's powerful story "Sylvia's Lovers," in which this popular Yorkshire resort is faithfully described? It was at Whitby, also, as aforesaid, that King Oswy founded the historic Abbey, giving his infant daughter Ethelfleda into the care of the Abbess, the saintly Hilda, whom she succeeded. Scott refers to some of the curious legends about "high Whitby's cloistered pile" in these lines:—

> They told how in their convent cell
> A Saxon princess once did dwell,
> The lovely Edelfled;
> And how, of thousand snakes, each one
> Was changed into a coil of stone,
> When Holy Hilda prayed.
>
> They told how sea-fowls' pinions fail,
> As over Whitby's towers they sail,
> And, sinking down, with fluttering faint,
> They do their homage to the saint.

Seaside Camp for Boys.

What town lad's heart wouldn't rejoice within him at the chance of joining a Camp by the Sea? This is no mere romantic notion of a Jules Verne, but a real fascinating fact. Witness our Sketch of the Seaside Camp for London Working Boys at Deal, the whole story of which praiseworthy institution is told so well in the following letter that I need not add another word save to recommend the charity most cordially to our well-to-do readers:—

Sir,—The Seaside Camp for London Working Boys, an enterprise which last year owed so much of its success to the sympathy of the London Press, has now passed more than halfway through its second season. It is pitched in a bracing position, close to the shore, on the sandhills near Deal, and is under the command of Colonel Farquharson, late Royal Marines. The boys received are from fourteen to under seventeen years of age, earning their living in various occupations, often under most trying conditions. They are recommended to us by their parish clergy, their employers, or subscribers, and we have already given a holiday to over 700 lads—that is, 100 more than were received during the whole of last season. The boys themselves pay half a crown for each week spent in town.

The Camp Committee, who have in many important points profited by their last year's experience, have this season had much reason for encouragement, both as regards the general camp arrangements, the *personnel* of the staff, and the conduct of the boys. They are, however, very anxious at the present time with reference to the rapidly diminishing funds at their disposal, upon which the increasing numbers received in camp have heavily drawn; and, though last year's subscribers have already most generously come forward again, we are compelled to appeal for extended support for an extending enterprise. Hundreds are still waiting for their holiday, and the demand of boys exceeds the supply of funds.

To see the wonderful improvement wrought in the physique and general bearing of these boys—strangers too often to the purest pleasures of boyhood—by even a week of the camp life, would alone tempt all who can contribute to do so, and we confidently ask your readers, and especially those who are enjoying their own holiday, to add a new ingredient of pleasure to it by sending a trifle at least to the Seaside Camp Fund.

Contributions will be gratefully received by Messrs. Cocks, Biddulph, and Co., 43, Charing-cross; or by Mosse Macdonald, Secretary to the London Diocesan Council, Northumberland Chambers, Northumberland-avenue.—We are, Sir, your obedient servants,

Richard Whittington, Prebendary of St. Paul's,
Chairman of the Camp Committee.
E. A. Ford, Treasurer.
G. T. Biddulph, 43, Charing-cross.
Edgar P. Stringer, City of London Club.
Northumberland-chambers, Charing-cross, Aug. 21.

SEASIDE CAMP FOR POOR LONDON BOYS AT DEAL.

Miss Florence St. John

will soon again be seen on the London stage, and right welcome she will be. Miss St. John will, of course, be the heroine in Messrs. Sims, Lütz, and Pettitt's "Carmen," of which this charming songstress only received the first scores of the music to study this week—too bad, considering she is so soon to create the new part of "Carmen—up to Date" in Liverpool. She is one of the brightest and best of modern performers, for hardly one of our comic-opera artists can approach her as a vocalist, and as an actress she has all the "chic" of the liveliest Parisiennes, happily without their vulgarities. Somebody said she was a Judic without her suggestiveness. All I can say is that Judic's thread of a voice cannot be compared with the rich and mellow notes of Miss St. John, who has abilities fitted for grand opera. A sweet Devonshire lass, she began her career at a very early age, singing at St. James's Hall, Plymouth, when only eight years old; and she was quite a girl when she went about with a provincial company performing principal parts in English opera. She was with Miss Rose Hersee's company, and with Madame Blanche Cole and others, when Mr. Alexander Henderson engaged her to play Germaine in "Les Cloches de Corneville" on tour. Her first great hit in London was in "Madame Favart," at the Strand, in April 1879. Her capital acting, first-rate singing, and piquant original style caused her to be wonderfully popular. The brilliancy and fine quality of her voice, and her artistic use of it, made her singing of the music most captivating. She has caught much of the French style, and can make audiences laugh merrily with a quaint expression of face or an eccentric gesture; and not the least of her attractions to many is that she looks well on the stage, and is always easy and graceful in her action. For some years past, at the "Villa Favart" in the Wellington-road, St. John's Wood, Miss Florence St. John (Madame Marius) has entertained her friends delightfully when in town. I was very glad to see this fascinating cantatrice looked in good health, and quite her bright self again, in the stalls at the Prince of Wales's Theatre last Monday night.

Royal Ramsgate

(the Town authorities of which duly appreciated the illustrated article which appeared in the *P.I.P.* on Aug. 16) is to keep high holiday on Tuesday next. That will be regatta day, and Ramsgate Regatta is known to be one of the most important of our sailing and rowing galas. The round of water sports will be closed by the largest display of fireworks seen on the Kentish coast this season, Messrs. C. T. Brock and Co., of Crystal Palace fame, promising to do their best to eclipse previous pyrotechnic exhibitions at Ramsgate. Meantime, Brock is preparing a huge firework programme for his forthcoming benefit at the Crystal Palace, one of the grandest shows of the year.

THE PROMPTER.

The 25th inst. being the "Name-day" of Louis Kossuth, the anniversary was celebrated in various Hungarian towns by some of the Associations of Veterans of the Honved Army and others.

Rescued by a Ramsgate Trawler.—The yacht Alice, of Rochester, with three ladies on board in addition to the crew, on Saturday last sprang a leak off the North Foreland, and commenced to settle down. Ultimately the occupants had to take to the boat, and were rescued by a Ramsgate trawler from a position of some danger. She had on board at the time Mr. Greenstrees (the owner), Captain T. W. Bacon, an able seaman, and three ladies (the Misses Mottsam, of Rochester). The ladies worked with a will at the pumps for a considerable time, and altogether showed great presence of mind. At last, however, the occupants had to take to the small boat, and soon afterwards the Alice foundered. Owing to the high sea the small boat was in great danger of being swamped, but ultimately a Ramsgate trawler effected a rescue, and landed the party at Ramsgate. They were taken to the Sailors' Home, where they were hospitably received, and supplied with requisite clothing to enable them to proceed to Rochester.

Fatal Coach Accident.—On Saturday afternoon last, the coach which runs from Arrochar to Tarbet, in connection with the Loch Long and Loch Lomond steamers, was conveying twenty-nine passengers, when, within 300 yards of Tarbet, it was met by a lorrie loaded with iron rails for the West Highland Railway, in course of construction. The driver of the 'bus, to make room, drove so close to the other side of the path that two of the wheels ran up the embankment 2ft. high, the result being that the coach overturned. Mr. M'Cann, a solicitor, of Edinburgh, and others on the 'bus foresaw the danger and jumped off, escaping unhurt. The majority of the passengers, however, were injured, and one lady, Mrs. Scrimgeour, wife of a Dundee baker, was killed. Dr. Dunlop, with a medical friend, who were near, rendered every assistance to the injured, and several of the passengers proceeded with the Loch Lomond steamer. The Procurator-Fiscal has made an investigation into the circumstances. The injured are progressing favourably.

Cadbury's Cocoa.—"A Food alike suitable for building up the growing body, and for repairing the waste which is incidental to all the processes of life."—*Health*.—[Advt.]

Worms in Children—Are easily, surely, and with perfect safety got rid of by using Keating's Worm Tablets. Tins, 1s. 4½d. each.—[Advt.]

Guy's Tonic.
Guy's Tonic.

FOR

INDIGESTION & NERVOUSNESS.

It is prepared from the choicest vegetable ingredients, and is the very thing required when the general health is much affected. The highest medical authorities state "that for all weak and languid feelings caused by indigestion, sluggish liver, and nervousness, a tonic is the only remedy," and "that it is a complete waste of time and money to take anything else, for in this age of debility, complaints are of a weakening character, and, therefore, all food should be restorative, all medicines should be tonic."

Guy's Tonic will bring about an unquestionable improvement in the general health, the appetite will return, digestion be quickened, and the liver again become active by its use. Should you have failing health, no matter from what cause, don't hesitate, but procure Guy's Tonic at once. The most obstinate, chronic, and complicated maladies are yielding daily to this matchless medicine.

AN INTERESTING STATEMENT.

INDIGESTION.

Gentlemen,—I had been a martyr for years to indigestion, until I was induced to try your valuable medicine. My dyspeptic misery commenced by every bit of food I took disagreeing with me, until I really did not know what to eat, and my appetite was such that nothing seemed to appease the feeling of constant hunger, and so intense was this desire for food, that unless I ate frequently, a low, faint, sinking sensation came over my stomach; but immediately upon swallowing the food, I experienced feelings of uneasiness, pain, fulness, weight, and distension; so much so, that I felt almost as if I must burst. My *mental depression*, low spirits, bad temper, and irritability were such that I felt I had all the troubles in the world. This continued some time, until I completely lost my appetite; the flatulency now became very annoying, and caused me to experience all day a nauseating feeling, not amounting to actual sickness. My tongue became furred and very white in the centre, and my breath so offensive that I could not comfortably approach anyone. I had great aching about my limbs, and a dull *headache*, with a disinclination to move. My mind dwelt upon every imaginable disease, until I exaggerated my symptoms into what I conceived must be cancer of the stomach, so acute were my sufferings. These dark forebodings continued until a friend—who had found *Guy's Tonic* of great service in his case—recommended it to me. He spoke so highly of it, and mentioned how very pleasant it was to take, that I determined to give it a trial. I assure you I did so with much misgiving, as all doctors, and every other remedy I had previously obtained, had failed. Suffice it to say, I had not taken the first dose one hour before the distension and weight in my stomach left me. I took a dose after every bit of food swallowed, and before I had finished the third bottle every symptom had disappeared, and I am now able to digest almost anything, without the slightest discomfort.

JAMES WATTS.

MORE PROOFS OF ITS VALUE.

A SURGEON WRITES:

"I have seen such wondrous results from a few doses of Guy's Tonic in slow, painful, and other forms of dyspepsia (brought on by excesses and over-work) that I am desirous of knowing if the medical profession can obtain it in bulk, for prescribing purposes. Your valuable preparation has been of great use to me in treating cases of nervous debility, bordering on nervous breakdown. These distressing ailments, accompanied by impaired vitality and defective organic actions, require prompt treatment. I have never known it fail in arresting this gradual process, and in entirely restoring the organs affected to their healthy activity."

Note.—When Guy's Tonic (a perfect Pharmaceutical preparation) is within reach of all, it is inexcusable that the afflicted should fall into the hands of ignorant vendors of rubbishing nostrums. To rescue sufferers from the illiterate was the great aim of the physician who gave this valuable medicine to suffering humanity.

Guy's Tonic is sold by all Chemists, at 2s. 9d. per bottle. If you cannot obtain it promptly, send the amount (2s. 9d.) to Guy's Tonic Co., 4, Ludgate-circus, London, and it will be sent by return, post paid. Insist upon having Guy's Tonic. No substitute whatever should be accepted.

ARMOREL OF LYONESSE.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

BY WALTER BESANT.

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PART II.—CHAPTER XXI.

ALL LOST BUT—

MR. ALEC FEILDING paced the thick carpet of his studio with a restless step and an unquiet mind. Never before had he faced a more gloomy outlook. Black clouds, storm and rain, everywhere. Bad, indeed, is it for the honest tradesman when there is no money left, and no credit. But a man can always begin the world again if he has a trade. The devil of it is when a man has no trade at all, except that of lying and cheating in the abstract. Many men, it is true, combine cheatery and falsehood with their trade. Few are so unfortunate as to have no trade on which to base their frauds and adulterations.

Everything threatened, and all at once. Nay, it seemed as if everything was actually taken from him, and all at once. Not something here, which might be repaired, and something there, a little later on, but all at once—everything. Nothing at all left. Even his furniture and his books might be seized. He would be stripped of his house, his journal, his name, his credit, his position—even his genius! Therefore his face—that face which Armorel found so wooden—was now full of expression, but of the terror-stricken, hunted kind: that of the man who has been found out and is going to be exposed.

On the table lay three or four letters. They had arrived that morning. He took them up and read them one after the other. It was line upon line, blow upon blow.

The first was from Roland Lee.

"I see no object," he said, "in granting you the interview which you propose. There is not really anything that requires discussion. As to our interests being identical, as you say—if they have been so hitherto they will remain so no longer. As to the market price of the pictures, which you claim to have raised by your judicious management, I am satisfied to see my work rise to its own level by its own worth. As to your threat that the influence which has been exerted for an artist may be also exerted against him—you will do what you please. Your last demand, for gratitude, needs no reply. I start again, exactly where I was when you found me. I am still as poor and as little known. The half-dozen pictures which you have sold as your own will not help me in any way. Your assertion that I am about to reap the harvest of your labours is absurd. I begin the world over again. The last picture—the one now in your studio—you will be good enough not to exhibit."—"Won't I, though?" asked the owner—"at the penalty of certain inconveniences which you will learn immediately. I have torn up and burnt your cheque."—"So much the better for me," said the purchaser.—"You say that you will not let me go without a personal interview. If you insist upon one, you must have it. You will find me here any morning. But, as you can only want an interview in the hope of renewing the old arrangement, I am bound to warn you that it is hopeless and impossible, and to beg that you will not trouble yourself to come here at all. Understand that no earthly consideration will induce me to bear any further share in the deception in which I have been too long a confederate. The guilty knowledge of the past should separate us as wide apart as the poles. To see you will be to revive a guilty memory. Since we must meet, perhaps, from time to time, let us meet as a pair of criminals who avoid each other's conversation for fear of stirring up the noisome past. What has been resolved upon, so far as I—and another—are concerned, Miss Armorel Rosevean has undertaken to inform you.—R. L."

"Deception! Criminals!" I suppose there is no depth of wickedness into which men may not descend, step by step, getting daily deeper in the mire of falsehood and crime, yet walking always with head erect, and meeting the world with the front of rectitude. Had anyone told Mr. Alec Feilding, years before, what he would do in the future, he would have kicked that foul and obscene prophet. Well: he had done these things, and deliberately: he had posed before the world as painter, poet, and writer of fiction. As time went on, and the world accepted his pretensions, they became a part of himself. Nay: he even excused himself. Everybody does the same thing: or, just the same, everybody would do it, given the chance: it is a world of pretension, make-believe, and seeming. Besides, he was no highwayman, he bought the things: he paid for them: they were his property. And yet—"Deception! Criminals!" The words astonished and pained him.

And the base ingratitude of the man! He was starving: no one would buy his things: nobody knew his work, when he stepped in. Then, by dexterity in the art of Puff, which the moderns call *réclame*—he actually believed this, being so ignorant of Art—he had forced these pictures into notice: he had run up their price, until for that picture on the easel he had been offered, and had taken, £450! Ungrateful!

"Deception! Criminals!"

Why, the man had actually received a cheque for £300 for that very picture. What more could he want or expect? True, he had refused to cash the cheque. More fool he!

And now he was going absolutely to withdraw from the partnership, and work for himself. Well—poor devil! He would starve!

He stood in front of the picture and looked at it mournfully. The beautiful thing—far more beautiful than any he had exhibited before. It cut him to the heart to think—not that he had been such a fraud, but—that he could have no more from the same source. His career was cut short at the outset, his ambitions blasted, by this unlucky accident. Yet a year or two, and the Academy would have made him an Associate: a few more years, and he would have become R.A. Perhaps, in the end, President. And now it was all over. No Royal Academy for him, unless—a thing almost desperate—he could find some other Roland Lee—some genius as poor, as reckless of himself. And it might be years—years—before he could find such a one. Meantime, what was he to show? What was he to say? "Deception! Criminals!" Confound the fellow! The words banged about his head and boxed his ears.

The second letter was from Effie—the girl to whom he had paid such vast sums of money, whom he had surrounded with luxuries—on whom he had bestowed the precious gift of his personal friendship. This girl also wrote without the least sense of gratitude. She said, in fact, writing straight to the point, "I beg to inform you that I shall not, in future, be able to continue those contributions to your paper which you have thought fit to publish in two volumes with your name attached. I have submitted my original manuscript of those verses to a friend who has compared them with your published volume, and has ascertained that there is not the alteration of a single word. So that your pretence of having altered and improved them, until they became your own, is absurd. My brother begs me to add, that your statement made before all the people at the reading was false. You made no suggestions. You offered no advice. You said the play was worthless. My brother has made no alterations. You offered to give him fifty pounds for the whole rights in the play, with the right of bringing it out under your own name. This offer he refuses absolutely.

"I sincerely wish I could restore the money you have given me. I now understand that it was the price of my silence—the Wages of Sin.—E. W."

No more verses from that quarter. Poets, however, there are in plenty, writers of glib and flowing rhymes. To be sure, they are as a race consumed by vanity, and want to have their absurd names stuck to everything they do. Very well, henceforth, he would have anonymous verses, and engage a small army of poets. The letter moved him little, except that it came by the same post as the other. It proved, taken with the evening of the play, concerted action. As for comparing the girl's manuscript verses with the volume, how was she to prove that the manuscript verses were not copied out of the volume?

Then there was a third letter, a very angry letter, from Lady Frances, his storyteller.

"I learn," she said, "that you have chosen me as the fittest person upon whom to practise your deceptions. You assured me that you were engaged to Miss Armorel Rosevean. I learn from the young lady herself that this is entirely false: you did offer yourself, it is true, a week after you had assured me of the engagement. You were promptly and decidedly refused. And you had no reason whatever for believing that you would be accepted.

"I should like you to consider that you owe your introduction into society to me. You also owe to me whatever name you have acquired as a storyteller. Every one of the society stories told in your paper has been communicated to you by me. And this is the way in which you repay my kindness to you.

"Under the circumstances, I think you cannot complain if I request that in future we cease to meet even as acquaintances. Of course, my contributions to your paper will be discontinued. And if you venture to state anywhere that they are your own work, I will publicly contradict the statement.

"F. H."

He stood irresolute. What was to be done? For the moment he could think of nothing. "It is that cursed girl!" he cried. "Why did she ever come here? By what unlucky accident did she meet these two—Roland Lee and Effie? Why was I such a fool as to ask Lady Frances to call upon her? If I send Zoe to her? It is all folly together. If I had not been for her we should have been all going on as before. I am certain we should—and going on comfortably. I should have made Roland's fortune as well as my own name—and his hand was getting stronger and better every day. And I should have kept that girl in comfort, and made a very pretty little name for myself that way. She was improving, too—a bright and clever girl—a real treasure in proper hands. And I had the boy as well, or should have had. Good Heavens! what losses! What a splendid possession to have destroyed! No man ever before had such a chance—to say nothing of Lady Frances!" It was maddening. We use the word lightly, and for small cause. But it really was maddening. "What will they say? What are they going to do? What can they say? If it comes to a question of affirmation I can swear as well as anyone, I suppose. If Roland pretends that he painted my pictures—if Effie says she wrote my poems—how will they prove it? What can they do?

"Now, my lovely lady," he said, grinning, "you have had your innings, and I am going to have mine."

"But things stick. If it is whispered about that there will be no more pictures and no more poems—oh! it is the hardest luck."

One more letter reached him by that morning's post.

"Dearest Alec,—I have left Armorel, and am no longer a Companion. The gilt could not disguise the pill. I have, however, a communication to make of a more comfortable character than this. It is true that I am like a housemaid out of a situation. But I think you will change the natural irritation caused by this announcement for a more joyful countenance when you see me. I shall arrive with my communication about noon to-morrow. Be at home, and be alone.—Your affectionate "Zoe."

What had she got to say? At the present crisis what could it matter what she had to say? If she had only got that money out of Armorel, or succeeded in making the girl his servant. But she could not do the only really useful thing he ever asked of her.

He laid down the letter on the table, beside one from his printers—three days old.

In this communication the printers pointed out that his account was very large; that no satisfactory arrangement had been proposed; that they were going to discontinue printing his paper unless something practical was effected; and that they hoped to hear from him without delay.

There was a knock at the door: the discreet manservant brought a card, with the silence and confidential manner of one who announces a secret emissary—say a hired assassin.

The visitor was Mr. Jagenal. He came in friendly and expansive.

"My dear boy!" he said with a warm grasp. "Always at work—always at work?"

Alec dexterously swept the letters into an open drawer. "Always at work," he said. "But I must be hard pressed when I cannot give you five minutes. What is it?"

"I will come to the point at once. You know Mrs. Elstree very well, I believe?"

"Very well indeed—I knew her before her father's failure. Before her marriage."

"Quite so. Then what do you make of this?" He handed over a note, which the other man read: "Dear Sir,—Unexpected circumstances have made it necessary for me to give up my charge of Armorel Rosevean at once. I have not even been able to wait a single day. I have been compelled to leave her without even wishing her farewell.—Very truly yours, Zoe Elstree."

"It is very odd," he said truthfully. "I know nothing of these circumstances. I cannot tell you why she has resigned."

"Oh! I thought I would ask you! Well, she has actually gone: she has vanished: she has left the girl quite alone. This is all very irregular, isn't it? Not quite what one expects of a lady, is it?"

"Very irregular indeed. Well, I am responsible for her introduction to you, and I will find out, if I can, what it means. She is coming here to-day, she writes: no doubt to give me her reasons. What will Miss Rosevean do?"

"Oh! she is an independent girl. She tells me that she has found a young lady about her own age, and they are going to live together. Alec, I don't quite understand why you thought Mrs. Elstree so likely a person for companion. Philippa tells me that she has no friends, and we appointed her because we thought she had so many."

"Pleasing—attractive—accomplished—what more did you want? And as for friends, she must have had plenty."

"But it seems she had none. Nobody has ever called upon her. And she never went into any society. Are you sure that you were not misled about her, my dear boy? I have heard, for instance, rumours about her and the provincial stage."

"Oh! rumours are nothing. I don't think I could have been mistaken in her. However, she has gone. I will find out why. As for Armorel Rosevean"——

"Alec—what a splendid girl! Was there no chance there for you? Are you so critical that even Armorel is not good enough for you?"

"Not my style," he said shortly. "Never mind the girl."

"Well—there is one more thing, Alec—and a more pleasant subject—about yourself. I want to ask you one or two questions—family questions."

"I thought you knew all about my family."

"So I do, pretty well. However—this is really important—most important. I wouldn't waste your time if it was not important. Do you remember your Great-aunt Eleanor Fletcher?"

"Very well. She left all her money to charities—Cat's."

"And your grandmother, Mrs. Needham?"

"Quite well. What is in the wind now? Has Aunt Eleanor been proved to have made a later will in my favour?"

"You will find out in a day or two. Eh! Alec, you are a lucky dog. Painter—poet—nothing in which you do not command success. And now—now—what?"

"That I will tell you, my dear boy, in two or three days. There's many a slip, we know, but this time the cup will reach your lips."

"What do you mean?" cried the young man, startled. "Cup? Do you mean to tell me that you have something—something unexpected—coming to me? Something considerable?"

"If it comes—Oh! yes, it is quite certain to come—very considerable. You are your mother's only son, and she was an only child, and her grandfather was one Robert Fletcher, wasn't he?"

"I believe he was. There's a family bible on the shelves that can tell us."

"Did you ever hear anything about the early life and adventures of this Robert Fletcher?"

"No: he was in the City, I believe, and he left a good large fortune. That is all."

"That is all. That is all. Well, my dear boy, the strangest things happen: we must never be surprised at anything. But be prepared to-morrow—or next day—or the day after—to be agreeably—most agreeably—surprised."

"To the tune of—what? A thousand pounds, say?" the tune of—what? A thousand pounds, say?"

"Perhaps. It may amount very nearly to as much—very nearly—Ha! ha!—to nearly as much as that, I dare say—Ho! ho!" He chuckled, and wagged his white head. "Very nearly a thousand pounds, I dare say." He walked over to look at the picture.

"Really, Alec," he said, "you deserve all the luck you get. Nobody can possibly grudge it to you. This picture is charming. I don't know when I have seen a sweeter thing. You have the finest feeling for rock and seashore and water. Well, my dear boy, I am very sorry that you haven't as fine a feeling for Armorel Rosevean—the sweetest girl and the best, I believe, in the world. Good-bye!—good-bye! till the day after to-morrow! The day after to-morrow! It will certainly reach to a thousand—or very near. Ho! ho! Lucky dog!"

Mr. Jagenal went away nodding and smiling. There are moments when it is very good to be a solicitor: they are moments rich in blessing: they compensate, in some measure, for those other moments when the guilty are brought to bay and the guiltless are made to tremble: they are the moments when the solicitor announces a windfall—the return of the long-lost Nabob—the discovery of a will—the favourable decision of the Court.

Alec sat down and seized a pen. He wrote hurriedly to his printers: "Let the present arrangements," he said, "continue unchanged. I shall be in a position in two or three days to make a very considerable payment, and, after that, we will start on a more regular understanding."

Another knock, and again the discreet man-servant came in on tiptoe. "Lady refused her card," he whispered.

The lady was none other than Armorel herself—in morning dress, wearing a hat.

He bowed coldly. There was a light in her eyes, and a heightened colour on her cheek, which hardly looked like a friendly call. But that, of course, one could not expect.

"After our recent interview," he said, "and after the very remarkable string of accusations which fell from your lips, I could hardly expect to see you in my studio, Miss Rosevean."

"I came only to communicate a resolution arrived at by my friends Mr. Roland Lee and Miss Effie Wilmot."

"From your friends Mr. Roland Lee and Miss Effie Wilmot? May I offer you a chair?"

"Thank you. No. My message is only to tell you this. They have resolved to let the past remain unknown."

"To let the past remain unknown." He tried to appear careless, but the girl watched the sudden flight of satisfaction in his eyes and the sudden expression of relief in his face. "The past remain unknown," he repeated. "Yes—certainly. Am I—may I ask—interested in this decision?"

"That you know best, Mr. Feilding. It seems hardly necessary to try to carry it off with me—I know everything. But—as you please. They agree that they have been themselves deeply to blame: they cannot acquit themselves. Certainly it is a pitiful thing for an artist to own that he has sold his name and fame in a moment of despair."

"It would be indeed a pitiful thing if it were ever done."

"Nothing more, therefore, will be said by either of them as to the pictures or poems."

"Indeed? From what you have already told me: from the gracious freedom of your utterances at the National Gallery, I seem to connect those two names with the charges you then brought. They refuse to bring forward, or to indorse, those charges, then? Do you withdraw them?"

"They do not refuse to bring forward the charges. They have never made those charges. I made them, and I, Mr. Feilding"—she raised her voice a little—"I do not withdraw them."

"Oh! you do not withdraw them. May I ask what your word in the matter is worth unsupported by their evidence—even if their evidence were worth anything?"

"You shall hear what my word is worth. This picture"—she placed herself before it—"is painted by Mr. Roland Lee. Perhaps he will not say so. Oh! It is a beautiful picture—it is quite the best he has ever painted—yet. It is a true picture: you cannot understand either its beauty or its truth. You have never been to the place: you do not even know where it is: why, Sir—it is my birthplace. I lived there until I was sixteen years of age: it is a scene taken in the Scilly archipelago." He started. "You do not even know the girl who stands in the foreground—your own model. Why—it is my portrait—mine—look at me, Sir—it is my portrait. Now you know what my word is worth. I have only to stand before this picture and tell the world that this is my portrait."

He started and changed colour. This was unexpected. If the girl was to go on talking in this way outside, it would be difficult to reply. What was he to say if the words were reported to him? Because, you see, once pointed out, there could be no doubt at all about the portrait.

"A portrait of myself," she repeated.

"Permit me to observe," he said, with some assumption of dignity, "that you will find it very difficult to prove these statements—most difficult—and at the same time highly dangerous, because libellous."

"No, not dangerous, Mr. Feilding. Would you dare to go into a Court of Justice and swear that these pictures are yours? When did you go to Scilly? Where did you stay? Under what circumstances did you have me for a model? On what island did you find this view?";

He was silent.

"Will you dare to paint anything—the merest sketch—to show that this picture is in your own style? You cannot."

"Anyone," he said, "may bring charges—the most reckless charges. But I think you would hardly dare"——

"I will do this, then. If you dare to exhibit this picture as your own, I will, most assuredly, take all my friends and stand in front of it, and tell them when and where it was painted, and by whom, and show them my own portrait."

The resolution of this threat quelled him. "I have no intention," he said, "of exhibiting this picture. It is sold to an American, and will go to New York immediately. Next year, perhaps, I may take up your challenge."

She laughed scornfully. "I promised Roland," she said, "that you should not show this picture. That is settled, then. You shall not, you dare not."

She left the picture reluctantly. It was dreadful to her to think that it must go, with his name upon it.

On a side-table lay, among a pile of books, the dainty white-and-gold volume of poems bearing the name of this great genius. She took it up, and laughed.

"Oh!" she said. "Was there ever greater impudence? Every line in this volume was written by Effie Wilmot—every line!"

"Indeed? Who says so?"

"I say so. I have compared the manuscript with the volume. There is not the difference of a word."

"If Miss Effie Wilmot, for purposes of her own, and for base purposes of deception, has copied out my verses in her own handwriting, probably a wonderful agreement may be found."

"Shame!" cried Armorel.

"You see the force of that remark. It *is* a great shame. Some girls take to lying naturally. Others acquire proficiency in the art. Effie, I suppose, took to it naturally. I am sorry for Effie. I used to think better of her."

"Oh! He tries, even now! How can you pretend—you—to have written this sweet and dainty verse? Oh! You dare to put your signature to these poems!"

"Of course," said the divine Maker, with brazen front and calmly dignified speech, "if these things are said in public or outside the studio, I shall be compelled to bring an action for libel. I have warned you already. Before repeating what you have said here you had better make quite sure that you can prove your words. Ask Miss Effie Wilmot what proofs she has of her assertion, if it is hers, and not an invention of your own!"

Armorel threw down the volume. "Poor Effie!" she said. "She has been robbed of the first fruits of her genius. How dare you talk of proofs?" She took up the current number of the journal. "That is not all," she said. "Look here! This is one of your stories, is it not? I read in a paper yesterday that no Frenchman ever had so light a touch: that there are no modern stories anywhere so artistic in treatment and in construction as your own—your own—your very own, Mr. Feilding. Yet they are written for you, every one of them: they are written by Lady Frances Hollington. You are a Triple Impostor. I believe that you really are the very greatest Pretender—the most gigantic Pretender in the whole world."

"Of course," he went on, a little abashed by her impetuosity, "I cannot stop your tongue. You may say what you please."

"We shall say nothing more. That is what I came to say on behalf of my friends. I wished to spare them the pain of further communication with you."

"Kind and thoughtful!"

"I have one more question to ask you, Mr. Feilding. Pray, why did you tell people that I was engaged to you?"

"Probably," he replied, unabashed, "because I wished it to be believed."

"Why did you wish it to be believed?"

"Probably for private reasons."

"It was a vile and horrible falsehood!"

"Come, Miss Rosevean, we will not call each other names. Otherwise I might ask you what the world calls a girl who encourages a man to dangle after her for weeks, till everybody talks about her, and then throws him over."

"Oh! You cannot mean"—— Before those flashing eyes his own dropped.

"I mean that this is exactly what you have done," he said, but without looking up.

"Is it possible that a man can be so base? What encouragement did I ever give you?"

"You surely are not going to deny the thing, after all! Why, it has been patent for all the world to see you. I have been with you everywhere, in all public places. What hint did you ever give me that my addresses were disagreeable to you?"

"How can one reply to such insinuations?" asked Armorel, with flaming face. "And so you followed me about in order to be able to say that I encouraged you! What a man! What a man! You have taught me to understand, now, why one man may sometimes take a stick and beat another. If I were a man, at this moment, I would beat you with a stick. No other treatment is fit for such a man. I to encourage you!—when for a month and more I have known what an Impostor and Pretender you are! You dare to say that I have encouraged you!—you—the robber of other men's name and fame!"

"Well, if you come to that, I do dare to say as much. Come, Miss Armorel Rosevean. I certainly do dare to say as much."

She turned with a gesture of impatience.

"I have said what I came to say. I will go."

"Stop a moment!" said Alec Feilding. "Is it not rather a bold proceeding for a beautiful girl like you, a day or two after you have refused a man, to visit him alone at his studio? Is it altogether the way to let the world distinctly understand that there never has been anything between us, and that it is all over?"

"I am less afraid of the world than you think. My world is my very little circle of friends. I am very much afraid of what they think. But it is on their account, and with their knowledge, that I am here."

"Alone and unprotected?"

"Alone, it is true. I can always protect myself."

"Indeed!" He turned an ugly—a villanous face towards her. "We shall see! You come here with your charges and your fine phrases. We shall see!"

He had been standing all this time before his study table. He now stepped quickly to the door. The key was in the lock. He turned it, drew it out, and dropped it in his pocket.

"Now, my lovely lady," he said, grinning, "you have had your innings, and I am going to have mine. You have come to this studio in order to have a row with me. You have had that row. You can use your tongue in a manner that does credit to your early education. As for your nonsense about Roland Lee and Effie and Lady Frances, no one is going to believe that stuff, you know. As for your question, I did tell Lady Frances that you were engaged to me. And I told others. Because, of course, you were—or ought to have been. It was only by some kind of accident that I did not speak before. As I intended to speak the next day, I anticipated the thing by twelve hours or so. What of that? Well, I shall now have to explain that you seem not to know your own mind. It will be awkward for you—not for me. You have thrown me over. And all you have got to say in explanation is a long rigmarole of abuse. This not my own painting? These not my own poems? These, again, not my own stories? Really, Miss Armorel Rosevean, you know so very little of the world—you are so inexperienced—you are so easily imposed upon—that I am inclined to pity rather than to blame you. Of course, you have tried to do me harm, and I ought to be angry with you. But I cannot. You are much too beautiful. To a lovely woman everything, even mischief, is forgiven."

"Will you open the door and let me go?"

"All in good time. When I please. It will do you no harm to be caught alone in my studio—alone with me. It will look so like returning to the lover whom, in a moment of temper, you threw over. I will take care that it shall bear that interpretation, if necessary. You have changed your mind, sweet Armorel, have you not? You have repented of that cruel decision."

He advanced a little nearer. I really believe that he was still confident in his own power of subjugating the sex feminine—Heaven knows why some men always retain this confidence.

Armorel looked round the room: the window was high, too high for her to reach: there was no way of escape except through the door. Then she saw something hanging on the wall within her reach, and she took courage.

He drew still nearer: he held out his hands, and laughed.

"You are a really lovely girl," he said. "I believe there is not a more beautiful girl in the whole world. Before you go, let us make friends and forgive. It is not too late to change your mind. I will forget all you have said and all the mischief you have done me. My man is very discreet. He will say nothing about your visit here, unless I give him permission to speak. This I will never allow unless I am compelled. Come, Armorel, once more let me be your lover—once more. Give me your hands."

He bowed suppliant. He looked in her face with baleful eyes. He tried to take her hands. Armorel sprang from him and darted to the other end of the room.

The thing she had observed was hanging up among the weapons and armour and tapestry which decorated this wall of the studio. It was an axe from foreign parts, I think, from Indian parts, with a stout wooden handle and a boss of steel at the upper part. Armorel seized this lethal weapon. It was so heavy that no ordinary girl could have lifted it. But her arm, strengthened by a thousand days upon the water, tugging at the oar, wielded it easily.

"Open the door!" she cried. "Open the door this moment!"

Her wooer made no reply. He shrank back before the girl who handled this heavy axe as lightly as a paper-knife. But he did not open the door.

"Open it, I say!"

He only shrank back farther. He was cowed before the wrath in her face. He did not know what she would do next. I think he even forgot that the key was in his pocket. The door, a dainty piece of furniture, was not one of the common machine-made things which the competitive German—or is it the thrifty Swede?—is so good as to send over to us. It was a planned and fitted door, the panels painted with reeds and grasses, the gift of some admirer of genius. Armorel raised the axe—and looked at him. He did not move.

Crash! It went through the panel. Crash! again and again. The upper part of the door was a gaping wreck of splinters. Outside, the discreet man-servant waited in silence and expectation. Often ladies had held interviews alone with his master. But this was the first time that an interview had ended with such a crash.

"Will you open the door?" she asked again.

The man replied by a curse.

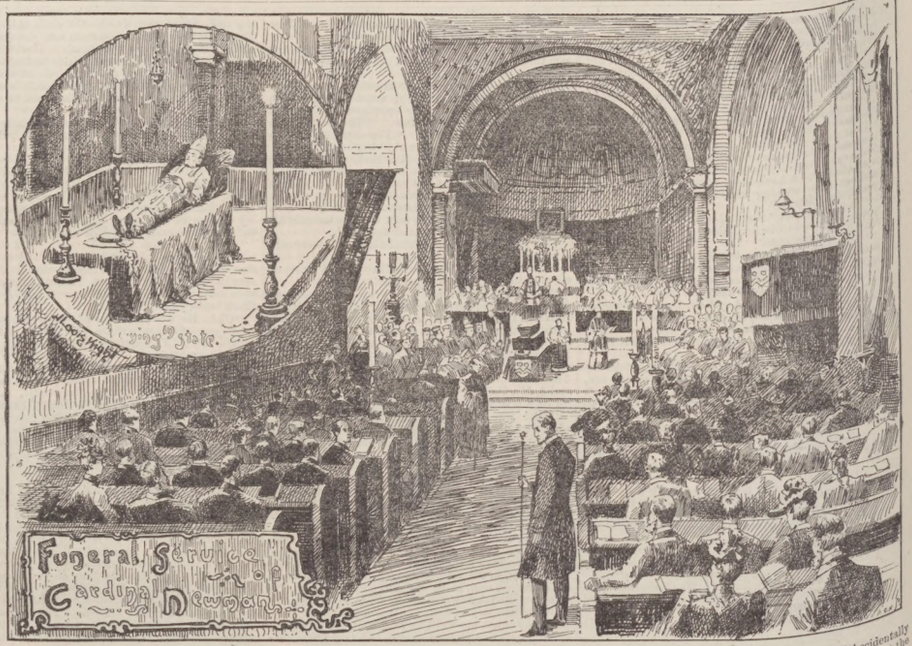
The lock—a piece of imitation mediævalism in iron—was fitted on to the inner part of the door, a very pretty ornament. Armorel raised her axe again, and brought the square boss at the top of it down upon the dainty fragile lock, breaking it and tearing it from the wood. There was no more difficulty in opening the door. She did so. She threw the hatchet on the carpet and walked away, the discreet man-servant opening the door for her with unchanged countenance, as if the deplorable incident had not happened at all.

(To be continued.)

IN EXTREMIS.

MRS. PRUNELLE.—"What in the world are you doing, Robert?"
MR. PRUNELLE.—"Since that feminine craze for men's linen came in, you 've indulged in it so that this is the only thing I can find to put on."

HOW THE WORLD WAGS



THE QUEEN, with the Duchess of Connaught and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, left Osborne on Monday evening, and, crossing the Solent in the Royal yacht, proceeded by special train to the North. The Royal travellers reached Balmoral on Tuesday afternoon, the railway journey occupying a little over nineteen hours.

An accident, we regret to hear, occurred to the train by which the Princess of Wales and her daughters travelled to Ballater on Saturday morning. When Berwick was reached it was found that the axles of the sleeping-saloon had become so heated that the carriage had to be detached. The Princesses had to be awakened. By this incident the train was delayed an hour. The Princess of Wales and her daughters arrived in Aberdeen in the afternoon, and proceeded to Mar Lodge, to join the Duke and Duchess of Fife.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud are to proceed to Denmark about Sept. 19, in the Royal yacht Osborne, embarking at Aberdeen, and they will be the guests of the King and Queen at the Castle of Frederiksborg, where the Emperor and Empress of Russia and the Duchess of Cumberland are also expected.

The Duke of Clarence and Avondale has returned thanks to Scarborough for improving his health, and has gone to renovate himself further with his brother-in-law, the Duke of Fife, in Scotland.

Prince George of Wales last Monday night gave a ball at Halifax to which all those who had extended their hospitality to his Royal Highness during his stay there were invited. The affair was a great success.

The Duke of Connaught took over the command of the Southern District at Portsmouth on Monday from General Sir Leicester Smyth, who goes to Gibraltar. The Duke was received with a Royal salute.

The Duke of Edinburgh arrived at Coburg on Saturday, to pay a visit to the Grand Duke Paul. His Royal Highness returned to Kissingen on Sunday.

The Duchess of Albany and family, with attendants, arrived at Ballater at noon on Saturday, and drove immediately to Birkhall.

A medal has been struck in Berlin to commemorate the acquisition of Heligoland by the Germans. On the obverse is a likeness of the Emperor William; on the reverse is represented the sea, with a bird's-eye view of the south side of the island, over which is hovering an emblematical figure of Germania holding the German flag. The inscription may be translated: "Acquisition of the island of Heligoland, Aug. 9, 1890."

The Czar entertained the Emperor William at a farewell dinner, at Peterhof, on Saturday night, after which they witnessed an illumination of the Palace gardens. Soon after ten o'clock the Czar escorted his guest to the quay, whence he proceeded on board the Hohenzollern, which sailed at dawn on Sunday, accompanied by the corvette Irene.

The Queen of Roumania embarked at Flushing last Monday night in the steamer Princess Marie for Queenborough, on her way to London.

Mr. Gladstone (who has been seasonably advocating once more the cultivation of fruit) has consented to open the Dundee Fine Art Exhibition on Oct. 29. He will receive the freedom of the city on the same day.

Dr. Philpott, Bishop of Worcester, who is of great age, desires to resign his see.

The death is announced at Bournemouth, in his eightieth year, of Mr. Charles West Cope, the veteran Royal Academician.

Lord Jersey, accompanied by Lady Jersey, will leave London on Oct. 24 by the Peninsular express en route for Brindisi, where he will embark on the P. and O. steamer Rome for Sydney, there to assume the duties of his office as Governor of New South Wales.

An inquest was held on Monday, by Mr. Carttar, at Erith, upon the body of Mr. J. S. Hart, which he had ordered to be exhumed. Dr. Hart, of Pembroke Dock, made a strong protest against what he considered the unnecessary action of the Coroner, which had caused great pain to the relatives of the deceased. But the case was singular, bearing in mind the peculiar deaths of Mrs. Townsend and Dr. De la Motte. It was stated that the deceased fell from the doorstep of Dr. Townsend's house into the area two days before his death; but it was impossible to connect that accident with the death. The deceased suffered from heart-disease and disease of the liver. The jury returned a verdict which was equivalent to death from natural causes.

A Deal galley was engaged on Monday by a party of visitors from London to go out to the Goodwin Sands. About three miles from the shore a squall capsized the boat. Two ladies, Mrs. Palmer and Mrs. Arny, were drowned. A passing vessel, called the Neptune, sent a boat to the assistance of those in the water, and got all on board: but Mr. Palmer and the boatman Nash were so much exhausted that they died on reaching the shore.

The Government have prepared a draft scheme for the conversion of Hackney Marsh into a recreation ground for the benefit of the populous colony of working people inhabiting the locality. By this scheme it is proposed that the Marsh shall be regulated and managed by the London County Council, which is empowered to fence off for short periods such portions of the turf and grass as may require rest; to preserve the shrubs, trees, and plants; to drain, improve, plant, or otherwise beautify the Marsh; to erect lodges, or other buildings, and to form and maintain cricket grounds.

The meeting of sanitary reformers at Brighton is seasonable. It is high time for London landlords to put their houses in order, from a sanitary point of view, or we shall have a fearful fever epidemic, and cholera to boot, mayhap.

The Consulting Sanitary Committee for France met on Monday, at the Ministry of the Interior, under the presidency of Dr. Brouardel. Examining the epidemic of cholera on the Red Sea, a report was read showing that 2727 deaths from the epidemic had occurred at Mecca, and 1013 at Jeddah.

An erroneous report of a second case of Asiatic cholera in Poplar Hospital was circulated last Saturday, it being alleged that the patient, Ellen White, was a nurse who had been attending the man Leigh. Mr. Corner, surgeon at Poplar Hospital, states that a girl named Ellen White was admitted to the hospital on the Friday, suffering from English cholera; her condition was hopeless, and she died the same day. As for the patient Leigh, he is making satisfactory progress towards recovery.

An inquest was held at Southend on Monday on the body of Frank Harrington, a ticket-collector at the Southend Railway-station. A young man named Stringer, one of a party of excursionists, was using foul language on the previous Tuesday night, and the deceased, in endeavouring to eject him from a compartment of one of the carriages, was struck by him on the neck. The medical evidence was to the effect that death was due to heart-disease, though probably accelerated by the blow and excitement. The inquiry was adjourned. Subsequently Stringer was brought before the local magistrates, and remanded.

The funeral service over the remains of Cardinal Newman was celebrated with great pomp on the 19th inst., in the Oratory Church at Edgbaston. A *P.I.P.* Artist was present, and sketches the solemn scene. The attendance of Bishops, members of monastic orders, Peers, and others crowded the church, and included representatives of Trinity and Oriel Colleges, Oxford. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Clifton. At the close of the ceremonial, the *cortège* proceeded to Rednal, eight miles from Birmingham, where the remains were interred in a small graveyard belonging to the Order of St. Philip Neri.

Cardinal Manning has received a letter from the Vatican, expressing the grief of the Pope at the death of Cardinal Newman, who, said his Holiness, had given great splendour to the Sacred College.

Commenting on our photographic group in last week's *Penny Illustrated Paper*, a Cheltenham correspondent courteously writes:—

Dear Sir,—Allow me, as an admirer of your excellent *Penny Illustrated Paper*, to inform you, in reference to the photograph entitled "Cardinal Newman and the Monks of the Oratory," that the Oratorians are not a monastic order, but merely a "congregation" of *secular* priests, who are at liberty to quit the house whenever they please. Several ex-Oratorians are now serving as ordinary priests, and one at least is a Canon of his diocese.

I am, faithfully yours, EDWARD HEALY THOMPSON.

P.S.—That the Oratorians are not a monastic body was legally established some years ago, on the occasion of a Parliamentary inquiry.

Monday was the fête of the Foresters at the Crystal Palace, held annually on behalf of the Distress, Gift, and Asylum Funds of the Order. Special trains were run from the provinces, and there was a large attendance of visitors, for whose amusement a long programme of very varied entertainments was provided. The Mining Exhibition was a novelty which attracted a large amount of attention, in particular the panoramic display of wax figures representing Australian gold-diggers and coal-miners at work. The specimens of minerals in the New South Wales Court were augmented by a fine coal seam 10 ft. high, from Wallarah, a famous colliery about forty-eight miles north from Sydney and sixteen miles south from Newcastle. A *P.I.P.* Artist sketched the scene, including the race between Keen, the cyclist, and a horseman.

Eight lives were lost in Conway Bay on Wednesday afternoon, the 20th inst., owing to the upsetting of a boat in which two young medical men, with two lady visitors and four boatmen, had gone for a sail. The boat came ashore with one of the men entangled in the ropes, and the body of one of the young men was seen floating in the estuary. The next evening the body of one of the young women was found near Llandudno. Altogether, four of the bodies have now been recovered, including those of both the ladies who were of the party. An inquest was held on Monday by the Coroner for Carnarvonshire, when a verdict of "Accidentally Drowned" was returned. It was thought that the boat capsized on being struck by a heavy sea outside the bar.

Business of all kinds in Victoria and New South Wales is gradually coming to a standstill, owing to the strike of seamen. Ironworks and other factories are stopping for want of coal; and the collieries are stopping for want of the means of transport. The great employers of labour have pledged themselves to stand together.

A shocking affair took place at Cracow the other day. A lieutenant, belonging to a regiment of the garrison of that city, was conducting the drill of his company, when one of the privates in the ranks made use of disrespectful language towards him. In a sudden ebullition of anger, the young officer struck the man with his sword, inflicting so severe a wound that the unfortunate private fell down and expired almost immediately. In despair at the fatal consequences of his rashness, the young lieutenant the next moment ran his sword into his own body, killing himself on the spot.

The Report of the Civil Service Commissioners just published, for the year 1889, relates to the examination of 22,491 candidates for employment in the Public Service, which is an increase of about two thousand upon the previous year. The Commissioners mention that in the competition for situations in the Post Office 4212 women entered themselves for 233 situations, or eighteen women for each situation. In 1888 the number was twenty-seven for each situation.

London was visited last Sunday by a severe thunderstorm, accompanied by heavy rain. The church of St. George, Wells-street, Camberwell, was struck by lightning, and the downpour caused most of the basements in the low-lying districts to be flooded. At Brixton there was a hail-storm, which did considerable damage to vegetation. From the provinces come reports of severe gales.

Mr. John Burns on Sunday addressed a mass meeting of 5000 persons, convened by the Dock Labourers' Union, on Tower-hill. He denied that the proposed combination of shipping interests could prevail against the union, and declared that if any attempts were made to introduce Pinkerton gangs into this country it would be a case of bludgeon to bludgeon.

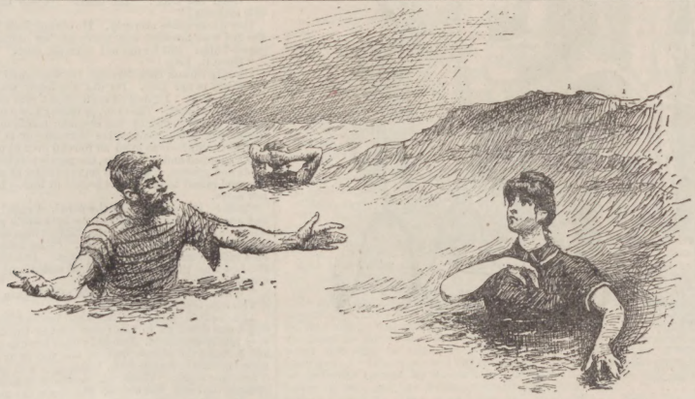
For a few days thirteen thousand miners have been on strike in the coal districts of the Durham. The men ask for a revision of the regulations on several points.

A serious harvest-field accident has occurred at Bury St. Edmunds. While a man named Joseph Harris was driving a reaping-machine, the horses took fright, and Harris was thrown from his seat and fell among the machinery, the knives of which cut his left leg clean off below the knee. He also sustained other dreadful injuries, his body being a mass of wounds.

A curious wager, with fatal results, was recently decided at Siepring, in Bavaria (says *Vanity Fair*). A notoriously strong man, named Freytag, betted that a horse could not move him from the door of his house. The horse was brought, and Freytag fixed his hands and feet against the doorposts, while stern, the man with whom the bet had been made, fixed a rope round Freytag's neck. At the first pull the rope broke. A new rope having been brought, Stern plied his whip with all his might, when Freytag gave a scream and, letting go, was dragged along for some yards. His neck was broken.

Two young men who went for a row at Saltaire on Saturday evening were found to be unable to manage their boat, which shot over a weir. They were thrown into the water and drowned.

KEATING'S POWDER.—Kills Bugs, Fleas, Moths, Beetles, and all Insects (perfectly unrivalled). Harmless to everything but Insects. Sold in Tins, 6d. and 1s.—[ADVT.]



IN THE SURF AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

MR. BOLDROY (smiling killingly).—"The waves are using you rudely. Will you permit me to assist you to the shore?" MISS WATERLY.—"Never mind, thank you. The waves may be rude, but they are not strangers."

THE WORLD OF PASTIME

The Professional Punting Championship.

PUNTING, originally regarded as a rough-and-ready way of propelling barges and other heavy craft, and as the specialty of the Thames professional fisherman, has for some years now come to be looked upon as an exercise calling for much skill in its prosecution. At most of the minor regattas punting races are the rule, and we find at all the river stations slender specimens of punts that have been built solely for speed—certainly not for safety or comfort. These very narrow punts, in which there is barely room to stand, are, however, barred from punting races, in which it is essential that no one shall possess too great an advantage over his rivals in the matter of craft.

As at most sports that are at all extensively practised, at punting one amateur and one professional have placed themselves far ahead of all others of their respective classes. The amateur is

Mr. W. H. Grenfell

of Taplow Court, and the professional Abel Beesley, of Oxford. For fifteen years in succession Beesley has proved victorious in the contest for the

Punting Championship.

In spite of the known prowess of Beesley, no fewer than nineteen other entries were received, and every one of the entrants started. This produced numerous races, eleven in all being punted, and some of them were very close and exciting. The scene was Maidenhead, where there is an excellent reach for the purpose, extending down to Bray, and this could be made still more serviceable if the Thames Conservancy would allow the bottom to be prepared so as to present a fairly level surface. It is no joke for a punter, punting as hard as he can, to have his pole drop suddenly into a deep ballast-hole. Sometimes this results in his going overboard.

W. Haines, of Windsor,

is a very fine punter, and in the final heat he gave Beesley some trouble. He actually led the old champion to the turning-point at half-distance, but Beesley got ahead on the way home, and won by about three lengths, his time for the mile being 11 min. 18 sec.

Beesley, of course, said that this should be his last race, but, as he has said this every year for some years now, we may expect to see him competing again in 1891. A man is never too old to compete so long as he can win.

The talk of the week has been the

Channel Swim

of Dalton. I did not refer to it last week, because, having before me only the bare announcement of the stupendous feat in the papers, I thought it wise to wait for some corroboration. But of outside verification we have absolutely none, except, of course, the testimony of the many who saw the swimmer during the latter portion of the journey. Instead of corroboration came a very distinct denial on the part of four gentlemen who left Boulogne harbour at the same time as the Ocean King, the boat containing Dalton and his three companions, that anyone was seen swimming near the boat so long as they were within sight of it, which they state to be from 3.45 p.m. till dusk.

Swimming on the Back

is notoriously a slow method of progression, and Dalton, who is middle-aged, at which period of life one loses one's speed (supposing that one ever had any), is a slow back swimmer, as was proved by his race with Charles Beckwith. Owing to the zigzag course a slow swimmer must necessarily take who encounters two ebb and two flood tides, the distance he traversed is estimated at sixty miles. The published log shows him to have been much interfered with by adverse tides, and that he rested a good deal; while during the latter portion of his journey he was almost prostrate—not a favourable condition for fast swimming. How, under these conditions, he could swim for nearly

Twenty-four Hours,

at the rate of more than two and a half miles an hour, it is difficult to conceive.

It is also difficult to understand why he did not take more pains to have his performance verified. There is no lack of persons willing to assist as spectators at such an affair, while such a task distinctly falls within the business of very many; but no one was asked to come—there was not even an umpire on the French side to verify the start. I am aware that affidavits have been sworn to by those who accompanied Dalton, but all the swearing before magistrates in the world will not have the effect of causing the record to be accepted.

One thing, however, Dalton can do, and that is, either to

Perform the Feat Over Again

under independent supervision, or, if that task is too great, seeing how ill the swimmer was after his long immersion, he can undertake a long swim of some kind or other. There is every inducement for him to do this, for two very handsome offers are announced. One is to give him £50 if he can swim from

Blackwall to Gravesend,

a distance of about twenty miles. No time is stipulated for the feat to be accomplished in; Dalton has only to swim the distance, and he is to be allowed as many tries as he likes. If the elements are unfavourable at one attempt he may make another, and as many more as he pleases. The £50 is a gift, not a bet, so nothing could be more in Dalton's favour.

The second offer is on very similar lines. It is made by the editor and proprietor of the *Referee*, "Pendragon," who offers to make Dalton a present of one hundred sovereigns if he equals the late Matthew Webb's performance of 1875, of swimming from

Dover to Calais.

He does not actually say so, but no doubt Mr. Henry Sampson would be equally ready to present the money if Dalton swam from Calais to Dover, since Dalton appears to have a predilection for starting from the French coast.

I am inclined to think that the world will judge of Dalton's recent swim according to how he deals with these two offers, either of which I should be sorry indeed to make to W. Beckwith.

The Victorious Career of Gloucestershire

was checked by the Australians, who, on Saturday, beat them by eight wickets. But this, of course, did not affect their position in the county contest. The blaze of triumph in which they finished up in this was quite one of the features of the season. Of their last five matches they won four, and would have won them all but for one being drawn though rain. Of the four victories two were over Notts.

Notts fell off badly during the latter half of the season. They were said to be stale, and Shrewsbury could give no other reason, for he said he felt perfectly well and yet could not play up to form. Still Gunn, one of the county's most dependable bats, did not seem to be very stale when playing last week for the M.C.C. against Northumberland, for he made a

Nice Little Innings

of 196. This was a great scoring innings, M.C.C. making 498 for five wickets; Flowers making 99 (not out), and Davidson 62. The fun was that the innings was closed, and Northumberland, who had made 212, put in, so that they might be got out. This they so strenuously objected to, however, through the medium of their batsmen, that they had made 296 for five wickets by the call of time.

This permission to

Close an Innings

at will on the last day has been a great boon, and has caused numbers of matches to be finished that would otherwise have been drawn, although hopelessly all one way. In some instances perplexity has arisen as to whether a side, having closed its first innings, is empowered to take a second one. The answer is, of course, Yes, they can. I do not understand how anyone could have thought differently. This trouble has more than once arisen in India, where Lord Harris has been appealed to. His answer was in the affirmative, without calling the cable into requisition.

Yorkshire, after beginning the season in irresistible fashion and then falling off badly, created something like a sensation on Saturday, by beating Surrey by 15 runs. Surrey made 293 in their first innings, the total of Yorkshire's two innings being 384, leaving Surrey 92 to get to win. This looked an absolute certainty, but the drying wicket made all the difference. Still, the first wicket fell with the total at 30; but from thence Harrison and Peel, the Yorkshire bowlers, carried all before them, and Surrey were out for 76!

Hampshire gave Sussex a handsome beating by 164 runs, although they closed their second innings with five wickets down. Thanks to a fine not-out innings of 114 by Captain Wynyard, the total was then 234.

There was a good deal of cycling and athletic sports on Saturday last, but not much of merit. At Reading it was hoped that Kibblewhite would have beaten the

One-Mile Grass Record

of 4 min. 20 sec., but he only just beat 4 min. 30 sec. He finished second in the handicap—of course starting from scratch—but received first prize, owing to the winner having falsified his entry form. It always makes me sad when this occurs, as it does far too often. But the Amateur Athletic Association are very sharp on all offenders, and, if they cannot make the dishonest honest, they can at least protect those who are.

Meerely, the wonderful safety bicycle rider, gave the Bristol people a taste of his quality at the Western Cycling Meeting, winning the

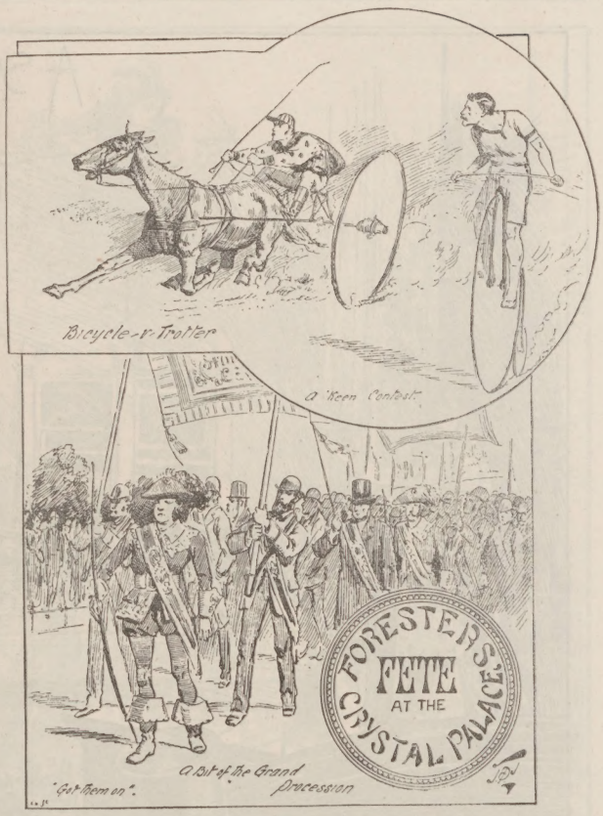
Half-Mile Handicap from Scratch

in 1 min. 12 1-5 sec. The half-mile handicap for ordinaries was won in 1 min. 13 3-5 sec.

At this meeting W. G. Grace, son of the great cricketer, won the 220 yards running handicap, and was second in the one mile. That he did not win each of two such dissimilar distances is not surprising. In a report of the New South Wales championship sports, held in June last, I read that So-and-so "did not do himself justice in the 120 yards, he having previously run in the three miles." I should think not!

BANSHEE.

For "Racing World" see page 142.



SEE "HOW THE WORLD WAGS."

LIVER COMPLAINTS.—Dr. King's Dandelion and Quinine Liver Pills, without Mercury, remove Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation.—[ADVT.]

LOST VITALITY RESTORED.—THE MEXICAN LIFE PILLS, 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per box. Guaranteed to cure all nervous diseases.—HAYNES and Co., Wednesbury.—[ADVT.]

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TRAINING.

WALTER A. LIDINGTON, Esq., Handicapper and Starter West Kent Harriers, writes:— "March 3, 1890.

"I am desired by the members of the above club to inform you that they have used your Embrocation for a considerable period, and that they think it more beneficial than any other that has been introduced into the club. "For running and cycling it is invaluable, and we would not be without it under any consideration."

ELLIMAN'S for Rheumatism.
ELLIMAN'S for Lumbago.
ELLIMAN'S for Sprains.
ELLIMAN'S for Cuts.
ELLIMAN'S for Bruises.
ELLIMAN'S for Sore Throat from Cold.
ELLIMAN'S for Chest Colds.
ELLIMAN'S for Stiffness.

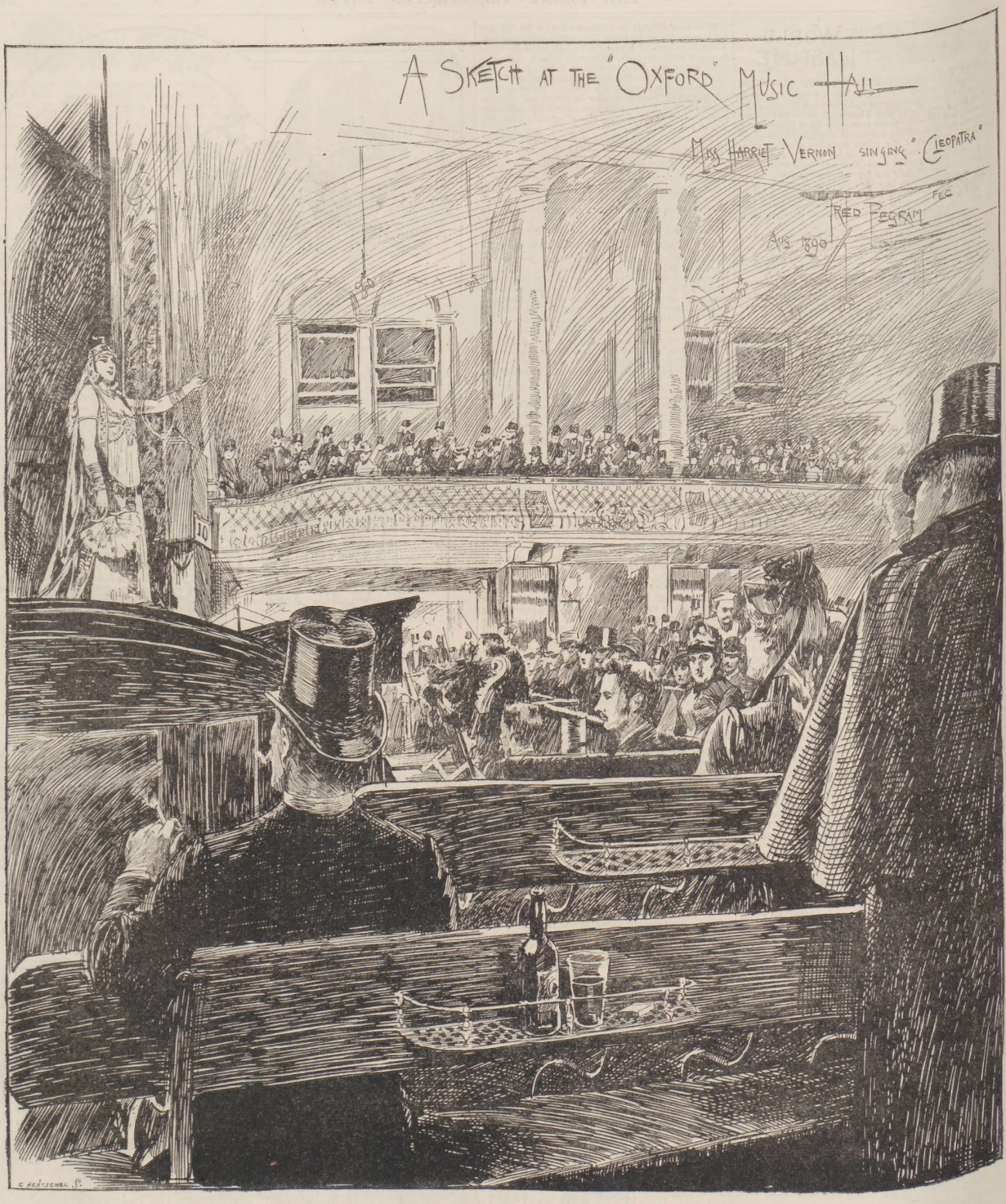
SPRAINS AND STIFFNESS.

HARRY J. BURDEN, Esq., Hon. Sec. Peckham Harriers, writes:— "June 21, 1890.

"I have used your Universal Embrocation for some considerable time, and found it invaluable for sprains and stiffness after long and short distance running. The members of my club have used it, and find it more beneficial than any other introduced, and now they would not do without it."

HUMAN USE.

A STITCH IN TIME. CYCLISTS SWEAR BY ELLIMAN'S.



FRESH SKETCHES OF LONDON LIFE: No. 1.—THE OXFORD MUSIC HALL.

LONDON TRUE TO LIFE.

I DON'T care to reckon how many years ago it was that Mr. Harry Furniss and I tramped London streets in the early morning with the view of sketching and describing London Life exactly as we saw it. I only know it was long before that admirable caricaturist began to enliven *Punch* with his rich fund of humour—in the days when he was bravely fighting the battle of life under circumstances which redounded to his honour.

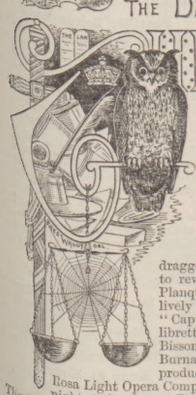
Fate finds me in the present year of grace employed on the same task, though on a smaller scale so far as the pen work is concerned, in the companionship now of another clever young Artist, Mr. Fred. Pegram. We begin our rambles by a visit to one of the most respectably conducted places of popular amusement in London, the Oxford Music Hall, which has been for a great number of years carefully and creditably managed by Mr. J. H. Jennings, quite a representative man in his branch of "*the* profession."

To the Oxford many a Tottenham Court-road tradesman hies with his wife, and, mayhap, with his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts; always sure of a judiciously varied musical and acrobatic entertainment, under the guidance of mine host Jennings. Not only did Lady Dunlo and her sister sing and dance at the Oxford ere they became (owing to a recent celebrated trial) devotees of "the sacred lamp of burlesque." The Oxford Manager was among the first to recognise and exploit the talents in town of beauteous Florence St. John, comely Connie Gilchrist, fair-haired Camille Darville, and those sprightly and accomplished comédiennes Kate and Susie Vaughan.

Miss Harriett Vernon, acknowledged to be one of the handsomest of Variety artists, and a vivacious songstress and actress who has proved herself invaluable in pantomime, is the reigning belle at the Oxford. See her resplendently draped in her powerful "Cleopatra" song; hearken unto her rich, full voice and clear delivery, as she sings the song of the arch "Serpent of the Nile," and admit this stately prima donna deserves every bit of the applause that unfailingly greets her. I have not space to particularise the items in the well-stocked Oxford programme. A word or two to wind up with, however, in praise of the daintily delicate and graceful dancing of slender Katie Seymour, and in laudation of the notably adroit conjuring of Imro Fox and of the musical abilities of Signor Borrelli. Now for a friendly hint! The place in which I first heard the exhilarating strains of Offenbach in the old days when Miss Russell was the bright particular operatic star there, the Oxford will meet a public want if the management make it as musically famous as it used to be.

THE OBSERVER.

MUSIC & THE DRAMA



OWLS which blink in the dazzling light of Comic Opera, and rejoice their sober souls with dull classic music or doleful Ober-Ammergau Passion Plays, didn't seem altogether pleased to be dragged back to town to review M. Robert Planquette's gay and lively lyric comedy of "Captain Thérèse," libretto by M. Alex. Bisson and Mr. F. C. Burnand, superbly produced by the Carl Rosa Light Opera Company on Monday night at the elegant Prince of Wales's Theatre. But, rather differently constituted, I own I found much that was melodious in the fresh music furnished by the composer of the far-famed "Cloches de Corneville."

"Captain Thérèse," when due excisions have been made, ought to amuse London for months to come. The captivating Captain flourished in a period of picturesque French costumes—viz., in 1590. Don't M. et Madame Alias fairly revel in the rich and smart costumes of this period! When pretty Thérèse (so brightly impersonated by Miss Attalie Claire) first trips up to the Château de Vardeuil from her convent home, she at once wins admiration, so winsome does she look in her neat white travelling-dress. Another change of costume in the first act finds belle Thérèse no less bewitching in a salmon-coloured cloak with long accordeon-pleated sleeves; and yet another change sees her lissom figure displayed to advantage in the smart military uniform she disguises herself in as Captain Thérèse.

Nobody expects much story in comic opera. But there is plenty of plot, and to spare, in "Captain Thérèse. Briefly, the "argument" discloses the old, old story of how the course of true love never does run smoothly. The perplexed lovers in this case are Captain Philip de Bellegarde (the tenor, Mr. Joseph Tapley) and his sweet-and-twenty sweetheart, Thérèse. They have billed and cooed, and would wed each other; but Thérèse has a stern parent, the Marquis De Vardeuil, who, having become enraged at a false rumour that Philip was carrying on an intrigue with the gay wife of his commanding officer, orders her to marry the actual scapegrace, Vicomte De la Touche. The luckless Philip is imprisoned in the château, but dexterously manages to escape from a window, in the manner sketched by our Artist, to the discomfort of the droll low comedian of the piece, Mr. Harry Monkhouse. In the guise of a Captain (and an irresistible Captain she looks), Thérèse, with her witful aunt and resourceful Marceline and the amusing notary, one and all in military garb, follow Philip to the Camp at Vellars. There poor Thérèse imagines she finds confirmation of her Philip's guilt, and so she sadly gives her hand to the designing De la Touche, whose compassion in the last act clears all up; the true lovers being left to console themselves with the customary reward of matrimony. Very melodiously is this theme embellished. Full of swing and *verve*, the overture, capitally performed by the efficient band under the able direction of Mr. John Crook, gave promise of the vivacious opening chorus, and of the waltz-measure that imparted a lilt to some of the love-songs. The first song to be encored was the ringing martial ditty "A Soldier's Life," rendered with rare spirit and "go" by Mr. Hayden Coffin as Vicomte De la Touche. Charmingly soft and sweet was "The Pensionnaire's Song," sung with dulcet "vim" by blue-eyed Miss Claire soon after her first appearance as Thérèse. Her voice was warmly encored, and the fair young prima donna at once won the favour of the audience. After a quaint quintette in Burnand's quaintest style, "The Gipsy and the Solicitor," in which Mr. Monkhouse scored most, there came the tenor's opportunity, which he took full advantage of in the delivery of "Thérèse," a sweet love-song which should become popular in the drawing-room—a remark which also applies to the duet "In Days Sweet and Olden," rendered to perfection by Miss Claire and Mr. Tapley. The ear of the town ought to be caught by the capital chorus to "Your Captain, Sir, I present," vivaciously sung by Miss Claire as Captain Thérèse; and the inspiring music of another of her songs, "The Morning Gallop," is likewise sure to be in favour. Encored and re-demanded was Mr. Hayden Coffin's sprightly "Song of the Butterfly." Albeit she was almost voice-less with a bad cold, Miss Broughton developed a savoy-like expressiveness in the distinct enunciation of her words, especially in "The Lawyer and the Lady's Maid"; and her lace-petticoat dance as a *chic cantinière*, encored as a matter of course, charmed all beholders, sweet Phyllis looking altogether bewitching in her scarlet-and-gold skirt and bodice. The duet "Only for Thee," set to a delightful waltz measure, was another triumph for Miss Claire and Mr. Tapley; and the undeniably sweet mezzo-soprano voice of Captain Thérèse infused a womanly charm into the resonant Standard song with which the second act jubilantly ended. There were yet more ravishingly pretty costumes to follow in the final act, where everything is cleared up to the satisfaction of Thérèse and her constant lover. With compression, "Captain Thérèse" will no doubt enjoy the remunerative run it deserves as a favourable specimen of the class of light entertainment in vogue. I have intimated how well Miss Attalie Claire, in spite of her having but recently left a sick-bed, acquitted herself in the leading part. Gifted with a singularly sympathetic voice, and very prepossessing in appearance, Miss Claire created a most favourable impression on her début; and she cannot fail thoroughly to establish herself in the good graces of the British public when she has regained her strength. Mr. C. Hayden Coffin merits praise for the dash he displayed as the Don Juan of the opera; and praise was also the due of Mr. Tapley as Philip, Mr. Harry Monkhouse and Madame Amadi as Duvet and Aunt Herminie, Mr. Henry Ashley as the jealous Sombrero, Mr. Harry Parker as the Marquis, Miss Broughton as Marceline, and tuneful Miss Florence Darley as Claudine. M. Planquette was honoured with a call; and so was Mr. Charles Harris, who has skilfully stage-managed "Captain Thérèse."

Madame Marie Roze, who was among the audience at the production of "Captain Thérèse," goes to Scotland for a well-deserved rest. The fascinating prima donna will, later in the autumn, resume her provincial concert tour, and will thereafter star through the country as the bright, gay gipsy heroine of a specially organised "Carmen" company.

Mr. Willard's appearance in Mr. H. A. Jones's new play of "The Deacon" occurred too late in the week to be noticed in this column. I congratulate Mr. Willard on the complete success of his ministerial matinée of "Judah," which is thought so highly of by some whose opinion I value very much that I almost feel tempted to reconsider my own verdict on the piece. But, somehow, I fancy it is the glamour of Mr. Willard's strong acting and magnificent voice that affects the judgment of those from whom I differ on this point.

I hear that "The Sons of Neptune," whose talents are well known in Portsmouth, greatly amused the Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud by their droll performance of "Fore and Aft," on board the Osborne, in the Solent. I am only sorry there 's no space to spare for an obliging correspondent's capital sketch of the performance.

From Birmingham I hear good accounts of the progress of a rising young actor, Mr. H. A. Saintsbury, who plays the leading man's part in the Drury-Lane drama of "Human Nature," which Mr. Dundas is travelling with and doing well with, Mr. Augustus Harris may be pleased to know.

THESPIS.

PLANQUETTE'S LATEST COMIC OPERA, "CAPTAIN THÉRÈSE," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

My Holiday.

I HAVE just come back to London, and am sorry to say the clerk of the weather was by no means good to me while I was away, for it was wet and

AT SPA: SKETCHED ON THE PROMENADE DES ARTISTES.

cold, and sight-seeing all but impossible. I am not an enthusiastic sight-seer in the best of weather. I dislike being dragged up mountains to see views which are generally invisible when you have made the ascent. I like to potter about and enjoy myself in my own way. I made a vow, when I left town, not even to look at pen and ink while I was away, but I was not able to keep it, for I found myself at the mercy of the post and the telegraph wires, and very quickly came to the conclusion that making holiday is a delusion. I was very much struck while I was away with the number of

Charming Old People

whom I met. I am not going to mention where I was: but all the inhabitants of the place, especially the old people, seemed to me to be so kindly and friendly, that I could not help wondering if living in a big, overgrown city like London tends to make one selfish. If it is so it is a great pity, and it makes us

Lose a Vast Amount of Pleasure

in our lives. We are so fond of grumbling, too; and what we say, do, and think is of such mighty importance to ourselves, that we never seem to make the best of what we have from outsiders. I read an anecdote of a

Sensible Little Dog

the other day. The weather—like so much of the weather in our climate—had been rather dull and gloomy; but one day, quite suddenly in the afternoon, the sun came out, and a little patch of brightness appeared upon the carpet far away from the spot where the doggie was curled up. He immediately got up, trolled over to the bright place, curled himself upon it, and went to sleep. Wise little dog! If we would but pick out

The Bright Patches in our Lives,

and curl ourselves upon them, how much happier we might be! I have been in the land of legends and stories, so I may as well give you another story.

An Old Minister,

previous to a meeting of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, used to pray that the assembly might be so guided as "no' to do ony harm." What a capital "family prayer" that would be to start with every day! Or, might it not be introduced into the

Marriage Service

with very good effect? It would certainly be a much better ending to the service than the present one.

The Fashions of Spa.

Give me, for choice, a quiet seaside nook in which to enjoy complete rest and quiet, and a simple blue serge dress to wear. But there are Spa, and refers to the picturesqueness of the Promenade des Artistes. It chanced that one of the remarkably *chic* and skilful Artists of the *Lady's Pictorial* was captivated by a very pretty costume he caught sight of in the self-same Promenade at Spa; and the dainty dress adorns our present Number. The comely wearer was Madame Joseph de Brounes, and her attractive frock was of white barège, with small rose bouquets, trimmed with black lace, and black velvet bretelles and ceinture. Her grey straw hat, with pale roses and white gauze, admirably matched the costume.

I told you lately about a cottage hospital in which I am much interested. I should like now to interest you, but more especially my Scotch readers, of whom I know I have a large number, in

An Orphanage at Aberlour, Strathspey.

The history of its foundation by the Rev. C. Jupp is too long to be told here, but few, if any, men have done a better or a nobler work. Children are received in the Orphanage from all parts of Scotland: they are of all denominations, and are admitted at any age. Patrons gain admission for an orphan as follows. Under nine years of age £10 a year, or a lump sum of £80. Above nine, £13, or a lump sum of £60 is paid in advance. All the little ones who are admitted free are elected by the subscribers. In the *Orphanage Monthly Magazine* I find a list of some of the

"Wants" of the Institution.

Ladies are wanted to undertake the clothing of one or more of the children, boys or girls. Hats of all sizes for girls are much needed. The managers have never as yet been obliged to buy a hat, and it would be a pity if the supply fell short now. Frocks for the girls—good, strong working dresses, as well as a Sunday best—will be thankfully received. Many of my readers will soon be providing new outfits for the boys and girls who are going back to school. The old garments they have outgrown will be most thankfully received at the Orphanage.

Toys and Books

are also very welcome: but all parcels sent to the Warden, Aberlour, viâ Perth, should contain the name and address of the senders. Any institution that has to do with children ought to be specially

Interesting to Women

of all classes, from the Queen to the poorest of her subjects. I am quite aware that there are far too many children both in England and Scotland, but, as they are in the world, we cannot do away with them; and, if we take any interest in the future of the country, it is simply madness to neglect those who will come after us.

Apropos of children, I read lately rather an interesting account of the

Little King of Spain.

He is at present at St. Sebastian, with his devoted mother, and is much stronger than he has been for months. Health and regular habits, the Queen thinks, go together, so his small Majesty goes to bed at seven, or, at very latest, half past, and for two hours during the great heat of the day he has a siesta. Her Majesty, who is an accomplished swimmer, bathes with her ladies every morning. Her little son goes with the Queen every morning, but he does not bathe. Like many another boy of less exalted station, he digs in the sand and builds forts and castles. In the afternoon he drives with his mother and sisters, as much fresh air as possible being considered essential for his health.

I was amused

to read lately in a fashionable paper that the eldest daughter of the Empress Frederick, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, came in for a large share of admiration at Goodwood and Cowes. As it happens, the eldest daughter of the Empress Frederick is the Duchess of Meiningen, and I am by no means sure that she is remarkable for her beauty.

Since writing the account of Mr. Jupp's orphanage at Aberlour, I am told that the young

Duchess of Newcastle

had a sale of work in aid of it in London not very long ago, so you see it is known on this side of the Border.

I heard a great discussion the other day between two ladies, who both look upon themselves as excellent housekeepers, about

"Washing at Home,"

as it is called. Of course, they took opposite views. I think, myself, that in certain cases only it is a saving; but I am of the opinion also that what you save in actual money is taken out of you in

Discomfort and Worry.

But good housekeepers insist that linen washed out does not last half as long as linen washed at home. Professional laundresses so often use washing powders, which have such a tendency to rot linen and calico, that our garments, sheets, and table-cloths seem to fall to pieces in a most marvellous manner. But, when all is said in favour of the arrangement, it is impossible to deny the fact that, except in households in which there is every

Possible Convenience

for laundry work, washing-day at home is a most indescribable nuisance, and I am not surprised that housekeepers detest it. It is hardly possible to get on without outside help, and we all know what that means. It means, in nine cases out of ten, the introduction of a most

Disturbing Element

into our homes. Our servants become discontented and saucy; they grumble from morning until night, and make themselves so disagreeable that we are thankful at last when they give us warning. A conscientious, hard-working woman will, it is true, wash as many clothes in one day as it would cost nearly a pound to put out, but a housekeeper must not forget that she has to provide soap, extra firing, and extra food, and to bear

Incidental Worries

too numerous to mention, in the shape of confusion in the kitchen regions, demoralised meals, unpunctual meals, and so on. So I cannot help saying that she is justified in thinking twice before she makes up her mind to have the washing done at Home.

Done at Home.

But, even when the professional laundress is employed, it is quite possible to keep the bills down by having some articles—such as stockings, handkerchiefs, kitchen-towels, dusters, &c.—done at home. Some cooks are very good about the cloths they use in their work. Every evening they wash out all those that were in use during the day; and, by this means, not only is accumulation prevented, but the atmosphere of the kitchen and scullery is kept sweet and pure. However, as I believe I may have said before, the penny-wise and pound-foolish comes into all household management, and young housekeepers must learn by experience what is the wisest way; and

The Wisest Way

enables them to live well within their income, without the sacrifice of every comfort, they will do well so to live.

MARGUERITE.

"I am glad to hear," says the *World*, "good news of Lord Salisbury from La Bourboule, where the Prime Minister is drinking the arsenic waters. He is deriving much benefit from the cure. Lady Salisbury is with him, and Lady Gwendolen Cecil is his private secretary."

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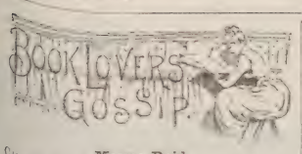
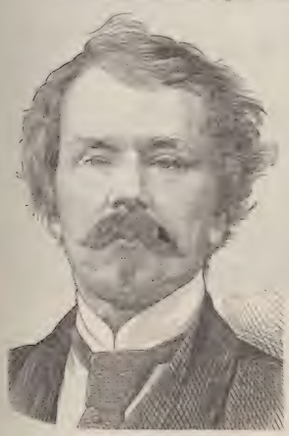
THE YOUNG KING OF SPAIN AND HIS NURSE.

[*See "The World of Women."*]



Mayne Reid.

Captain Mayne Reid was once a name to conjure with. That he had written a new story was an event in our boyhood lives. But "boys" a little younger bow down before other idols. "The Rifle Rangers," "The Scalp Hunters," and "The Headless Horseman" have perhaps had their day; but those of us for whom that day was a very vivid one will be pleased to carry over this pleasant record of the author from the pen of a much-loved and much-loving wife. Not



THE LATE CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

the least fascinating part of this biography of Captain Mayne Reid (6s., Ward and Downey, 12, York-street, Covent-garden) is the narrative of how that wife was

Wooed and Won.

Mrs. Reid is right in saying that "the courtship was itself a romance." The girl was only thirteen years old when he first met her, and she spoke of him to others—truly enough—as a middle-aged gentleman. Yet this middle-aged gentleman seems to have had a susceptible heart. He wrote a novel entitled "The Child Wife," in which he said, "That child has impressed me with a feeling I never had before. That strange look has done it. I feel as if she had sounded the bottom of my soul. I have a presentiment she will yet be my wife." But no presentiment seems to have come to the child, who was engaged in the more congenial occupation of dressing dolls when

Her Elderly Lover

came to woo. One day, however, the Captain brought his "Scalp Hunters," asking her to read it—as a novel a method of courtship as Othello's! But for effective they were separated. Finally—in 1855—fate brought Captain Reid to the town where the girl lived. She attended a meeting at which he spoke. "An electric thrill seemed to pass through me," she wrote a little later, "as Captain Reid entered the room. Instantly, as though drawn by an invisible hand, and without a word to my friends, I left my seat and followed in the direction I saw he had taken. There was a platform at one end, occupied by the speakers and a few ladies and gentlemen. He took his seat on the platform, and I mine also, directly opposite to him. We did not speak, but our eyes met." At the end of the meeting there was a hurried hand-shake in the crowd. "I leave for London by the next train," said the Captain; "send me your address." "Speech seemed to have left me," says Mrs. Reid, "but it flashed upon me that I had a present of *his*, and managed to stammer out: 'I do not know where.' He instantly handed me a card, and was gone. Then followed a formal little note: 'Dear Captain Reid,—As you asked me last night to send you my address, I do so.' By return post came the following: 'Only say that you love me, and I will be with you at once,' and the answer,

'I do Love You.'"

So the course of true love did run smooth, and they married and lived happy ever after, although the "child wife" was constantly being taken for the Captain's daughter. I have no space to treat of the series of works which Mayne Reid wrote to gladden the heart of young England of a few years back, nor to tell of his adventures in America, his bravery in actual conflict, his being announced as dead, and so on. All these facts you will find related in Mrs. Mayne Reid's interesting narrative of her husband's varied career.

The Japanese Library.

Ainsworth and Lever! One feels that here we have a touch of a quality that betters Mayne Reid's, and undoubtedly so with Lever. I am renewing my early acquaintance with both authors, in the pretty volumes of Lever's "Jack Hinton" and Ainsworth's "Tower of London," which have just been issued in what is called "The Japanese Library" (Cassell and Co.—2s. 6d. each). The title of the library is derived from the imitation of the Japanese method of printing on the type being on one side of the paper only, and the paper very thin indeed. They are handy little volumes, and include not only some of Ainsworth and Lever, but Scott's ever-beloved "Ivanhoe," the "Poems" of Hood, and other favourites.

"Dr. Antonio."

No one reads any books but novels in August, and I may as well recommend you another story that I have just been reading, "Dr. Antonio." The book is an old favourite, and the author was Ruffini, who was an Italian exile in London at the time when the struggle for the unification of Italy was going on. "Dr. Antonio" (David Stott, 370, Oxford-street, 2s. 6d.) is a pretty story of love and revolution, or rather of dreams of love and dreams of an Italian revolution which had not come when the story closed. There is an Italian atmosphere in it which is very pleasant and refreshing. The book forms one of a series called "Masterpieces of Foreign Authors." TATTLER.

The Medical Annual advises Practitioners to remember that when commending Cocoa as a food and beverage for invalids, the name CADBURY on any packet of Cocoa is a guarantee of purity.—[ADVT.]

IN FRANCE.

How entirely out of the cycling world one feels after two or three weeks of travelling without seeing an English cycling paper! I know nothing of what has been going on at home during this month of August. I have not even heard if the two summer camps were a success, or the result of the last N.C.U. championship meeting, or whether the indefatigable Mecredy and Osmond have gone on breaking record after record and adding to their laurels. The only piece of racing news I know may be somewhat interesting for English riders. Cyclists in the south-west of France have determined to hold a big race-meeting in Toulouse some time in October—the exact date is not yet fixed—and to it they invite the world's cracks and champions. It is a pity that Toulouse is a two days' journey from London, for it is one of the most delightful towns of the South, and I do not know where a short visit, with cycle races as the excuse, could be made more profitably and pleasantly. But the distance is a great drawback, especially just after the holiday season, and I fear that few Englishmen or Irishmen will compete.

I find, to my surprise, that it is no great trial to be thus cut off from all home news. After all, certain practical aspects of the sport are really of more genuine interest than all the racing gossip and personal items with which cycling papers are too often overcrowded. Old and experienced as one may be in cycling, one is always learning something new. For the last few days I have been very much preoccupied with that rather ancient question as to what one should eat and drink while actually touring, and, strange to say, I have come to a somewhat new conclusion.

I think it was the cycling correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* who, some weeks ago, declared that one should eat a heavy meal in the middle of the day when on a tour. I was rather sceptical at the time, for I have always held that one could ride better after a very light luncheon at noon, and that one should only eat heartily at dinner-time, when the day's work was over. But, now, after having been compelled to eat the enormous French breakfast, which is served at eleven or twelve (you always fare better if you conform to the customs of the country through which you are travelling), and having been forced by the heat to rest for long after it, I am coming round to his way of thinking. When you are taking a good deal of physical exercise, you need even more than your usual nourishment, and I have felt so much better and stronger all the afternoon for my big midday meal that I am now sure that much of my old exhaustion at the end of the day's ride was due to want of food.

But one very important fact must be remembered: if you eat heartily, you must also have the long rest before starting off again, otherwise you may look out for much sickness and many indigestions. An hour or an hour and a half is not too long to loaf after your luncheon—or breakfast, as it is called in France. This the French understand thoroughly. To one unaccustomed to the sight, their cafés, where they spend so much time doing nothing over one small cup of coffee, seem but an excuse for a degree of laziness which an Englishman thinks would not be countenanced in England. But they virtually serve a hygienic purpose. As they are not conducted on the British public-house system, which requires you to swallow your drink at once and go, their frequenters are allowed slowly to sip their coffee and smoke their pipe or cigarette while they quietly rest. An Englishman has his chop and bitters and hurries back to his work, and then wonders why he feels heavy and dull. A Frenchman eats a far more elaborate meal—indeed, often too elaborate—loafs for an hour or so, and then returns to his work, whatever it may be, as fresh as he was in the early morning. The Englishman's food is far more wholesome, but the Frenchman's method is far more sensible.

On the question of drink, I am still of the same mind as I was before leaving home. In France, where the water is not good as a rule, because it is so seldom quite pure, it is best to take the wine that is served at all *tables d'hôtes*, even at midday, provided you take the rest which I recommend. But when you want to relieve your thirst, or simply refresh yourself between meals, tea is the drink of drinks. There is nothing like it. The French syrups, which are prepared with plain water or seltzer, are excellent, and it is a great pity that they have not been introduced into England. But, while they relieve one's thirst, their good effect is not lasting, nor can they give you the new life and energy which invariably follow a cup of good tea. And I am happy to say that good tea is to be had in the greater part of provincial France.
N. C. U.

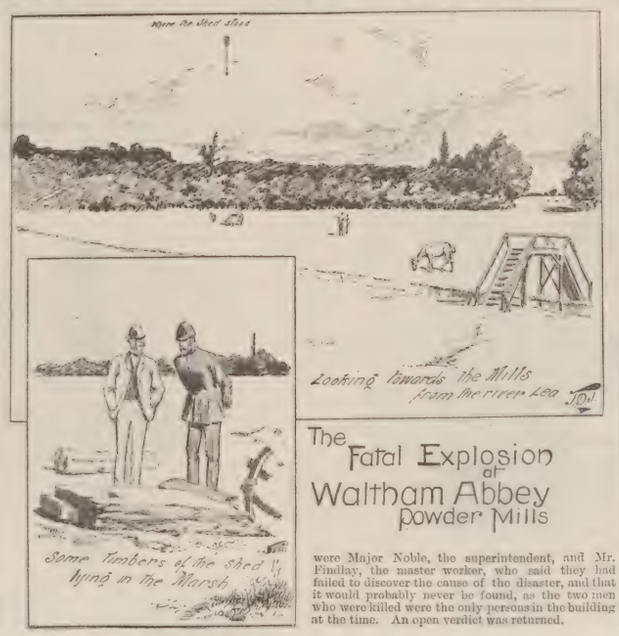
LANDSLIP AT SCARBOROUGH.

Considerable alarm was created, last Sunday morning, in the vicinity of the Castle Hill at Scarborough, by a loud reverberating noise, accompanied by considerable earth tremor. The cause was not far to seek. The whole of the north-east corner of the Castle Hill, consisting of many thousand tons of earth, had disappeared into the sea, carrying with it the flagstaff used for danger signals when military shooting practice is in progress, as well as the iron mantlet which safeguarded the outlook, and a tract of land at the top of the hill which was in cultivation as a kitchen garden.

EXPLOSION AT WALTHAM ABBEY POWDER MILLS.

An explosion occurred on the morning of the 22nd inst. at the Waltham Powder Mills shortly after the men went to work. It happened at one of the sheds at the gunpower factories belonging to the Government, and situated near the banks of the river Lea. The shed was known as Breaking Down House No. 2, and it was blown to pieces. Two men who were working there were killed. They were elderly men, named Napthan and Maynard. They appear to have been working alone in the shed, and their bodies were hurled a long distance away, one of them falling into the marsh by the river-side; but none of the remains were recognisable, and they had to be collected in fragments. Another man named Albert Wilson was injured by the force of the explosion, but only slightly. A *P.I.P.* Artist was soon on the spot, and sketched the scene of the sad disaster.

The deaths of the two men formed the subject of an inquest on Monday. Among the witnesses



The Fatal Explosion at Waltham Abbey Powder Mills

were Major Noble, the superintendent, and Mr. Findlay, the master worker, who said they had failed to discover the cause of the disaster, and that it would probably never be found, as the two men who were killed were the only persons in the building at the time. An open verdict was returned.

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With Two Sets of Bread Reeds, Organ and Celestial Tone, and the charming Bell Accompaniments, sent, carefully packed and carriage paid, to any address in Great Britain and Ireland, on receipt of P.O.O. for 10s. Worth Double.

CUT OUT THIS.

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P.I.] An Unparalleled Offer. [Paper.

OUR GRAND PRIZE MEDAL "FAVOURITE" MELODEON.

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The Editor of the London *Weekly Times* says:—

"THE MELODEON.—No instrument invented of late can equal in power and sweetness the Melodeon. In external appearance it is a work of art, and in mechanism—for simplicity of handling and for purity and variety of note—there is no instrument with which it can be compared."

100,000 TESTIMONIALS. 100,000.

Important Testimonial from Professor Brown, the Champion Melodeon Player of Great Britain, Ireland, and Wales: "Campbell's Patent Melodeons are the finest instruments that have ever come under my touch, and only require a trial to advertise themselves." Campbell's Patent Melodeons are the only genuine Melodeons in the market. Beware of worthless imitations.

SOLD ONLY BY

CAMPBELL & CO., 116, Trongate, Glasgow.

Illustrated Price-Lists sent free on application.

A BELGIAN EDEN.

SPA.

The Enterprise of the Managers of the Great Eastern Railway

has been rewarded this year by enormously increased traffic, and their handsome electric-lit steamers have conveyed tens of thousands of passengers from the Port of Harwich to the Continent viâ Rotterdam and Antwerp. Many of these tourists went to Brussels, afterwards running the gauntlet of the relic-vendors and guides of the field of Waterloo. Then great numbers (especially the American contingent) shot off into the picturesque wilds of the Ardennes; afterwards looking in at Liège—bustling, busy, manufacturing Liège—then on to Pepinster, and finally winding up for a few days' quiet sojourn at Spa, which is not only

The Most Attractive Pleasure Resort in Belgium,

but bravely holds its own as a health-restorer with Baden-Baden, Homburg, Plombières, Vichy, or our own good old slumberous Harrogate.

Spa

has a remarkable and ancient history. Its iron waters are known the world over, and it is on record that the Merry Monarch, Charles II., once crossed the sea, when in exile, to grimace over their ferruginous nastiness.

The chronicles of the town also record that the wicked Czar Peter was restored to health—shaken by constant dissipation and luxurious over-feeding—by the use of

The Springs of Spa.

The principal fountains are the Tonnelet, the Sauvenière, the Geronstère, and the Pierre-le-Grand. These wells are approached by walks and drives that are simply enchanting to those who admire beautiful beech-groves, rippling rock-paved cascades, leaf-strewn paths, and the daintiest little bridges that the hand of man ever contrived out of stray fragments of wood. One of these forest paths is called the

"Promenade des Artistes,"

and its name sufficiently indicates the class of persons who best appreciate its beauty. Most European painters, and thousands of amateurs, know its lovely nooks and mossy glens, and have transferred them to canvas.

Spa is a scrap of a town, and, viewed from one of its surrounding hills, it suggests a

Bright Little Scene in an Opera Bouffe.

Thanks to the enterprise of M. Dhainaut, the director of the Casino, the town is well provided in the season with

Entertainments.

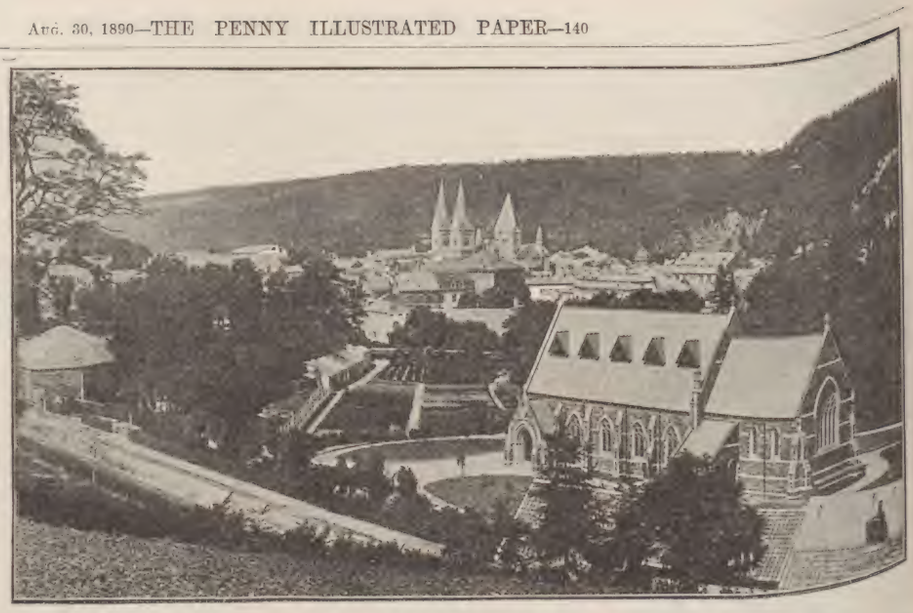
What with steeplechases, donkey races, fancy-dress balls, carnival fêtes, batailles des fleurs, an occasional Kermesse, carnivalesque processions, tirs aux pigeons, rabbit-coursing, bals blanc et noir, expositions des beaux arts, paper-hunts, chasses à tir, balloon ascents, children's dances, concerts, and performances at a well-conducted theatre, the visitors at Spa need never be dull.

M. Dhainaut

pays special attention to the steeplechasers, and bestows large sums in prizes, which are spiritedly competed for by French, English, and Belgian sportsmen. And Spa possesses many good hotels, and one especially which is renowned for its comfort and cuisine. I mean

The Hotel d'Orange,

adjoining the Casino, which is excellently looked after by Miss Léonie Garzon and M. Daleq, both of whom carry out the traditions of Madame Müller, who for years conducted its fortunes.



SPA, THE BELGIAN EDEN.
From a Photograph by G. Engel.

Spa, during September,

will be exceedingly attractive. One entire week is to be devoted to steeplechases, with 30,000 francs in prizes. The site of the race-course is admirably chosen on a vast plateau of land about four miles from the town, and is on one side flanked by a grove of stately trees that imparts to the course a unique and picturesque air. The grand stand, tribunes, and refreshment pavilions are daintily designed, and suggest quiet cricket-matches and decorous aristocratic flower-shows rather than races with their attendant turmoil and bustle. Continental race meetings are conducted with far more quietude than they are in England, and there do not seem such crowds of riff-raff about. A Belgian or Frenchman is able to bet without the ebullition of that lung-power inseparable from "laying the odds" in Great Britain. The result is less shouting, a diminution of howling, and unquestionably greater comfort for those who attend races as a spectacle and an amusement.

That

The Races at Spa

are deemed important may be gathered from the fact that there is an International Committee, with Comte A. d'Oultremont as President. England is represented by Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir F. Johnstone, Bart., and the Marquis of Londonderry.

During September there will be an

Agricultural and Horticultural Exhibition

at Spa, organised by the Royal Society of Belgium, and I hear that the Kermesse which is announced for Sunday, Sept. 7, will be one of the most brilliant ever given in the town. It will conclude with a grand ball and illumination of the Place Verte. Pigeon-shooting is a conspicuous feature of sport at Spa, and as much as 40,000 francs of prizes are awarded during the season. The rules of the *tir* are the same as those in vogue at Monaco, where so many Englishmen have distinguished themselves as "crack" shots.

Spa for several years, from the want of enterprise of its inhabitants, grew to be a dull though always pretty place; but M. Dhainaut set his wits and capital to work, and this year its old-timed prestige has returned, and the prolonged

Sojourn of the Queen of Belgium

has, no doubt, in some degree contributed to its renewed prosperity. The managers of English watering-places, where visitors are left to their own devices and spend many a dismal hour, should contrive to

Look in at Spa,

and observe the methods by which the public are entertained. There are hundreds of English people who go abroad not only for change of scene but to participate in the festivities that foreign pleasure-resorts present.

I left Spa and the Hôtel d'Orange with the keenest regret. The weather was delightful, and the town was alive with gaiety. The day before I departed I knocked at the door of Mdlle. Léonie's cabinet.

"Mademoiselle," said I, "to-morrow I leave for Antwerp. To-night I have asked the director of the Casino to dine with me—a simple dinner, please, as M. Dhainaut is a *belle fourchette* who likes to get through his repast in less than an hour."

At seven o'clock the dinner was served in the Grand Salon, and it was a gastronomic triumph, simple but elegant in its composition. We had, among other dishes, a *soufflé au Parmesan* and *fillets de soles au vin blanc*, with which a sauce was served that was invented by Carême for Talleyrand, and which is a specialty of the *chef* of the Hôtel d'Orange.

The next day I was en route for the Harwich steamer at Antwerp, where I had a hurried meal at a restaurant with a Flemish name. The watery soup, the greasy fried fish, and the fibrous chunks of indiarubber-like beef made me think of the Hôtel d'Orange with gratitude.

Antwerp is strong in cathedrals and churches, has every right to be proud of its sacred [illegible] pieces by Rubens, and its art collections [illegible]. Its docks, warehouses, and citadel are [illegible] admirable, but in the matter of dining I should advise, as Mr. Punch recommended to persons about to marry—*Don't!!* HOWARD PAUL.

A FRIGID WELCOME.

Mr. Rumbill (who has returned, after a year's desertion): "Is yo' gwine t' kill d' fatty calf, Ruby?"
Mrs. Rumbill: "Not 'f I knows it; but I's gwine t' come pooty nigh massacreein' d' lean coon, of he'll jess step inside d' doah!"

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

Miss Updike: "Why, I thought Mr. Rivers was rich, and got into society."

Mr. Rivers: "So he was; but the society [illegible] into got into him, and now he's poor again."

TELLING TALES.

Willie (to older sister): "Say, Irene, you got me some chocolate on the sly, or I 'll give you away."

Older Sister: "What do you mean, Willie?"

"Do you s'pose I don't know Mr. Hankinson was here last night?"

"Well, what of it?"

"What of it? Nothin', only I put a hunk of gum on that extra chair in the parlour before he came, and it 's still there this morning. That's all."

WISER NOW.

She: "The triumph of Miss Fawcett in the Mathematical Tripos is but one in the number of incidents which indicate the universal advance, the irresistible onward march of the feminine intellect. We women are wiser than we used to be, don't you think so?"

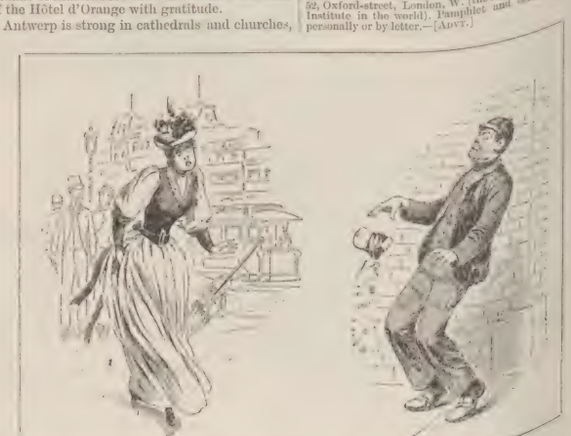
He: "Ah, yes; one would have more trouble nowadays in finding any virgins as [illegible] know when the bridegroom comes."

GOES NO FURTHER.

Jack: "Does Clara go in?"

Tom: "Yes; into her bathing suit."

If Men feel Weak and Nervous they should wear Harness' Electropathic Belt. It is guaranteed to generate a mild, invigorating, continuous electric current, without producing any shock or discomfort whatever, that will effectually restore impaired vitality, strengthen the nerves and muscles, and speedily promote the stretch of the entire frame. It has restored [illegible] to health [illegible] vigour after all other remedies (so called) have failed. This is not a rash statement, but is founded on actual facts. For particulars, book of testimonials, or consultation [illegible] once to The Medical Battery Company, 92, Oxford-street, London, W. (the largest Medical Electrical Institute in the world). Pamphlet and [illegible] personally or by letter.—[Advt.]



VERY SHOCKING.

Miss Shoppell: "Great heavens! My pocket-book is gone!" (Faints.)

Jack the Prigger (around the corner): "What! Key-ring, button-hook, hair-pin, samples!" (Exhibits)

CROMER.

BY AN ENTHUSIAST.

Yes, I have seen most British Watering-Places, from Oban to Ilfracombe, from Bridlington to

CROMER LIGHT-HOUSE.

Yarmouth, but when all is said I come back to Cromer with the feeling that that, and that alone, is my favourite spot for a holiday, and I have, therefore, no trouble in taking Mr. Clement Scott's advice to—

Put in your pocket your "ahs!" and "ifs,"
And come and be lazy on Cromer cliffs.

But Norfolk, you will say, is an ugly county, and Harriet Martineau, who was born there, said much the same. But that is not quite true.

CROMER, NORFOLK'S SEASIDE PARADISE.

From a Photograph published by Provost and Co., 40, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden.

Norfolk is a level county enough, as a whole. There is not a great deal to be said for the surroundings of Yarmouth and Hunstanton. But then there are the Broads, which, however, were wellnigh undiscovered in Miss Martineau's day. England has its "Darkest Africa," and

Mr. Christopher Davies

is its Stanley. Under Mr. Davies's guidance we have found how much of beauty and of wildness there is in Wroxham Broad, and its sister waters. All these waters are at a convenient distance from Cromer, so that that favoured spot has the benefit, so to speak, of river, lake, and sea. But this is not all the charm of Cromer. Within a short drive you come to what is inaccurately called the Roman Encampment, which recalls in its wild beauty and heathery slopes the more famous Devil's Punch Bowl of Hindhead, in Surrey; but then there is here the glorious sea and bracing east coast in addition. Homeward you wend through Felbrigg Park, with its splendid beech-trees and fine Elizabethan mansion. A still finer drive is that through

Sherringham Park,

which in its wilder and less frequented parts will certainly compare with some of the lovely scenery of more oft-praised parts of our island. It should assuredly be seen, however, when the rhododendrons are in bloom. But I might dwell too long on the suburbs of Cromer, to the neglect of the village itself. There is Paston, where lived the famous Paston family of the "Letters," and there is Blickling, with its paintings, its statuary, its library, and its magnificent ornamental waters. Let me not also forget that delightful walk which Mr. Clement Scott has made famous under the name of

Poppyland,

that walk to Overstrand along by the lighthouse cliff. Those to whom even quiet Cromer is a bit too noisy will make their way to the ever-growing little village of Overstrand, or even beyond, to Mundesley. On the way to Overstrand you pass the golf links, where Mr. A. J. Balfour, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Mr. Henry Broadhurst sometimes meet in more friendly conflict than the House of Commons provides. A new and picturesque club-house has just been added to the scene.

Alas! newness rather than picturesqueness is the keynote of Cromer life just now. Time was when the railway ran only to North Walsham, and then Cromer was rural indeed. The tiny fishing village running close in by the shore, with a large church in the centre, suggested, on first inspection, that it was

"All Church,"

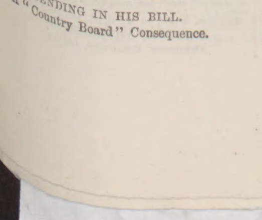
and, indeed, one had to be there for a few days to get used to its quaint little streets, its primitive shops, and other unconventional characteristics. Perhaps the patron of more showy and newly built watering-places failed to become reconciled, and went home again. Anyway, for years Cromer was rendered select and quiet by reason of its limited accommodation. Mrs. Bond Cabbell, the Lady of the Manor, discouraged building, and would sell no land for the purpose. But a revolution is at this moment going on. Mrs. Cabbell's son is of age, and he is not disinclined to make money. As a consequence, building is in progress in all directions, and in a few years

A New Cromer

will grow up by the side of the old—a quite different Cromer, with a pier, an esplanade, and all the characteristics of the modern watering-place. Already we see a spick-and-span Townhall, some red-brick villas, and other incongruous elements. Soon we shall no longer know the country of the poet's fancy, the paradise of Mr. Swinburne's song—

East and north a waste of waters, south and west
Lovelier lands than dreams in sleep would feign to be,
When the soul goes forth in travel, and is prest
Round and compassed in with clouds that flash and flee,
Dells without a streamlet, downs without a tree,
Cirques of hollow cliff that crumble, give their guest
Little hope, till hard at hand he pause, to see
Where the small town smiles, a warm, still seaside nest.

C. K. S.



A "SENDING IN HIS BILL.
A "Country Board" Consequence.

SO CONSIDERATE.

HUSBAND (newly married): "Don't you think, love, if I were to smoke, it would spoil the curtains?"

Wife: "Ah! you are really the most unselfish and thoughtful husband to be found anywhere: certainly it would."

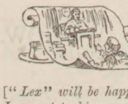
Husband: "Well, then, take the curtains down."

EDITOR AND CONTRIBUTOR.

BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN: "I have here a little poem: the only one I ever wrote."

Over-sensitive Editor: "Then, my dear Madam, I haven't the heart to take it from you."

TO THE DEAF.—A person cured of deafness and noises in the head of twenty-three years' standing by a simple remedy will send a description of it free to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 21, Bedford-square, London, W.C.—[ADVT.]



LEGAL COLUMN

["Lex" will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of "The Penny Illustrated Paper."]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SUBSCRIBER.—If the mortgaged property has been sold and you have entered into no personal obligation in the matter, you should refuse to admit any claim upon the furniture of your late father. If the mortgaged property has not been sold, of course the mortgagee could sue the executor or administrator of your late father in the first instance, and the sheriff could seize the furniture under the judgment.

HARRIER.—Sue for your rent.

S. W.—Where a man dies without a will, and leaving a mother and sister, the money should be equally divided between them.

W. E.—No warrant against goods (except by leave of the Judge or Registrar) can issue on a County Court judgment unless some payment into court has been made therein by the judgment debtor within twenty-four months previously. The warrants continue in force, however, twelve months from the date thereof, but not twelve months from the date of the judgment, which would, of course, have been obtained on some previous date. A judgment summons cannot issue after four months from the date of the last payment into court, or after a default in payment, unless the delay has been occasioned by an attempt to levy execution, or unless evidence is filed showing means of the debtor, since the date of the judgment, and satisfying the Judge or Registrar of means of payment.

DEBTOR has owed money to several people. His largest creditor (£50) accepts £25 in full discharge, giving a receipt, and considering that the debtor was insolvent. The debtor has since found means to pay smaller creditors in full, and the largest creditor now claims that he is entitled to the balance of his debt. This is rather sharp practice, but the debtor may be liable to pay the balance, £25. It would, however, be a good defence to this claim that some other person had advanced the £25 in order to pay that sum in the first instance, or that the £25 paid in satisfaction was paid before the money was fully due.

WIDOW.—The owner of a house in a metropolitan parish has received notice from the inspector of nuisances to provide a separate water supply for the "w.c.," and to pave the yard, and do some other work. The owner complains that the other houses in the neighbourhood have not a separate water supply of this kind, and that the yard is already sufficiently paved. She has no other source of income beyond the rent of this small house; and to do the work required by the notice would take at least three months' rent, which for her is a serious matter. She wishes to know whether she can be compelled to do the work. The Vestry of the parish have, through their inspectors of nuisances, very large powers in this matter; and, if the work is not done, the inspector of nuisances can summons the owner at the police-court, and, if he there proves that the work is necessary to put the house in a sanitary condition, the Magistrate will, no doubt, make an order for the work to be done, at the expense of the owner. Perhaps the owner can make some arrangement with the inspector, by laying on the water and not doing the work to the yard. In any event, it is best to make some arrangement, rather than set the local authorities at defiance.

TEN YEARS' READER.—B, the husband, in the absence of any settlement or will by the wife, would be entitled to the furniture, but he should have obtained letters of administration. The children of A would take nothing. The Statutes as to maintenance of children only extend to relatives by blood, and the younger girl does not seem to be any relation to B.

RANALDO.—The answer to both your questions is No. A servant cannot be held responsible in either of the cases which you put.

ENQUIRER should go to the nearest Post Office Savings Bank, and obtain printed particulars as to notice.

SCHWERER.—A tenant wishes to know whether he, paying his rent quarterly, can leave at the end of any quarter by giving a quarter's notice? No, he cannot. This would be assumed to be in law an ordinary yearly tenancy, and six months' written notice must be given, expiring at the time of the year when the tenancy ends—e.g., if it is a Michaelmas tenancy, then the notice should expire at Michaelmas.

FREEHOLDER has paid for a freehold plot of land, and asks what form of deed or receipt is proper, and whether a solicitor is required, and in what way does he get the land "made over" to him. "Freeholder" cannot escape a solicitor this time. The only way in which the land can be conveyed to him is by deed, and let him instruct a solicitor to act for him separately, unless he is very well acquainted with the vendor's solicitor.

AMICUS.—The parents of a lad attending a private school are threatened with proceedings unless the parents send the child to some public elementary school in connection with the School Board or National Society. The question is, Can the parents insist upon the child attending at the private school, and at the same time escape legal proceedings? This question turns chiefly upon the Education Act of 1870, sec. 74, and the bye-laws of the School Board for the locality. It is a sufficient excuse for the non-attendance of a child at a public elementary school, within the meaning of that Act, if it can be shown that, as the section says, "the child is under efficient instruction in some other manner." This is a question of fact for the Justices, if the School Board authorities attempt to take any proceedings. In that case the parents should be prepared with the evidence of the private schoolmaster to show the instruction which the child is now receiving, and it is then for the Justices, having regard to the age of the child and other circumstances of the case, to say whether the child is being sufficiently instructed elsewhere or not. LEX.

ALL'S WELL THAT DOESN'T END SWELL.

OUT OF HER ELEMENT.

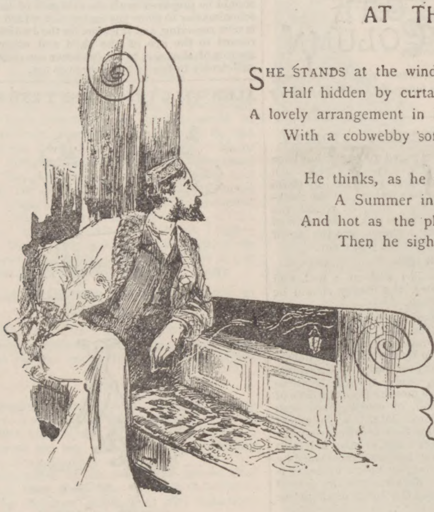
WIFE: "My friends used to tell me I sang like an angel."

HUBBY: "As that's the case, why don't you wait until you get to heaven?"

TO OVERCOME WEAKNESS.—PEPPER'S QUININE AND IRON TONIC gives new life, health, strength, and energy. In 2s. 6d. Bottles. Everywhere. Insist on having Pepper's.—[ADVT.]

TOBACCONISTS.—ILLD. GUIDE (229 pages, 3d.), "How to Commence."—Tobacconists' Co., 186, Euston-road, London. Shops fitted, every trade.—H. MYERS. Estab. 1866.—[ADVT.]

AT THE WINDOW.



SHE STANDS at the window, her fair young face
Half hidden by curtains that partly enfold her—
A lovely arrangement in lilies and lace,
With a cobwebby something tossed over her shoulder.

He thinks, as he sits in his studio "By Jingo,
A Summer in town will be horribly lonely,
And hot as the place where the sinners who sin go!"
Then he sighs, as he looks at her window, "If only—

"If only," he sighs, while the vision grows fainter,
And quite disappears as the blind is pulled down,
"If only she 'd give me an order to paint her,
I should make enough boodle to get out of town."

O. Herford

THE RACING WORLD

A GREAT deal of money has lately been laid out on what may be called the premises of

York Race Meeting.

Some three thousand pounds were involved in the contract for altering the stands and other parts of the committee's buildings, and, in a general way, improvement has been effected. Nothing like value for the money expended is brought for the public's benefit. Such a thing as that never yet did happen. Still, the executive have shown themselves willing to make matters more pleasant for the main body of their patrons, and that is

Something Worth Recording.

As usual, the attendance on Knavesmire was disappointing. Before you set out for York from the South you always fall to counting the absentees, whose faces have not been seen on racecourses since Lewes, or maybe Windsor meeting, as sure to turn up. Likely enough, a fair proportion of them do put in appearance, but these are mainly North-country folk, who have done Redcar and Stockton, or the grouse-shooting brigade, who from moors not so far distant run to York by way of keeping their hands in with form up to date, in view of Doncaster.

You never, of late years, find so strong a company as you counted on at York. I am not by any means saying that you do not have good musters, because you do, but believe the show of turf patrons at York and Doncaster is nearly all the difference in favour of the later fixture between Windsor and Ascot.

The great St. Leger outsider is due to turn up for the sporting papers in Stockton or York's week as regularly as the sea-serpent—a not distant relation of his, a sort of

Wet Bob

to the Sellinger outsiders, Dry Bob is bound to put in appearance in ordinary journalistic items. An outsider is expected, and an outsider must be found. Occasionally he or she develops from extreme obscurity into particular notice before Stockton is over. Not unfrequently the advance with a big leap and a great bound into prominence follows the Great Yorkshire Stakes.

This season, Queen's Birthday raised bookmakers' hopes of, at least, a profit. He won the Great Northern Leger—which is by no means on a par with *the* great Northern Leger to be run at Doncaster—very handsomely. Where he did the makers of books on the Sellinger a turn was because he came to comparatively short odds without shortening the price of the favourites. That they seriously hoped he would develop so shortly into a great winner at York, and then make a mark in the Doncaster St. Leger, I doubt. The Yorkshire Stakes win would not give them much courage either, because they are accustomed to seeing so many surprises in that race, and marking the subsequent upset of the Knavesmire form.

For the Ebor Handicap a much better field started than has contested for the stake in recent years. Looking at the list of the well-backed division, Tyrant is well entitled to rank at the

Top at Handicap Form.

Philomel, despite her hard work and assumed advance in foal bearing, is dangerous in all company. Robin Hood had long been expected to carry off a big handicap. Padua's form was enticing. Silver Spur's Goodwood races commanded a strong following, and I might prolong the list further very easily. The result did not suit the Yorkshiremen so well as usual. At any rate, what might have been thought to their taste as sportsmen was not the signal for so great a demonstration as we sometimes get when the "bold soldier boys," whose pennons fluttered so bravely and picturesquely in the breeze, escorted an Ebor Handicap victor to the roomy paddock on the way to weigh. Certainly, there was not half the cheering there was for Mr. Lowther on the cold afternoon when big King Monmouth came in a clever winner from the little Australian Ringmaster, who, despite a big weight for a galloway, gave his great rival no little trouble. Neither did the assembled Tykes cheer the Great Yorkshire Stakes hero as they did when

Chitabob

came home. He was a very unlucky horse for them, and for many others also, who would not believe the true stories of his rheumatic affection, and looked confidently to find him lower the colours of Donovan at Doncaster.

Mention of Doncaster almost tempts me to open my account on the great race which will so soon be due. Just now I called attention to the regular recurrence of an outsider for the race. I may add that with almost equal regularity we are treated to a score against one of the favourites. As a rule the smoke is not a sure sign that there is fire. Very frequently, indeed, the movement is got up on false bases, and merely with a view to rushing backers into hedging good bets. But if a movement against a horse really properly placed well up in the quotations be continued over the following week, you may say good-bye to its chance. Backers of Memoir will have an anxious time for the next few days. That she was seriously amiss for, at least, three days was beyond dispute, and, though bookmakers did not make quite a dead set against her, you could see how serious the situation was deemed by the regular rush there was on the part of some of our biggest backers to get on others.

As I write,

Surefoot

is all the rage. From the day he lost the Derby, all through Ascot and up to his victory at Leicester, his stable never ceased to declare faith in his staying abilities. As he passed the post at Leicester, Jousiffe, his trainer, said,

"And He 'll Win the Leger too!"

which was an involuntarily uttered prophecy many of us will recollect should Mr. Archie Merry's black-and-scarlet be borne first past the post on Wednesday week.

George Barrett,

the jockey, has been giving himself what he calls "a holiday." Directly after Windsor meeting concluded he set off for Holyhead, en route to Killarney. What stay he made there may be judged from his riding at two Irish meetings—one of them Leopardstown—in the week. Then he was back to prepare for York—all the better, as he said, for the change of scene and quiet.

Some of our middle-weights work harder to keep to weight than the youngsters who grumble at half the sweating to which I alluded last week. None of these is better liked as a quiet, well-conducted fellow than James Woodburn, who, of late years, has made a capital record. Last Saturday, after riding a second, Balvarran, at Alexandra Park, he weighed out for another of Tom Jennings junior's—Loosestrife—but fainted before leaving the paddock. Under the circumstances the Stewards readily gave consent to the horse's number being taken out of the telegraph frame.

With the coming week we enter the period when Nurseries are permissible, and those who closely study public form, and are alive to the fact that good young ones can give tremendous lumps of weight away, make their harvest.

James Harrison, thirty, of Bowling, near Bradford, was executed at Leeds, on Tuesday morning, for the murder of his wife by striking her on the head with a poker.

Alexander Phillipsen, a passenger by the Hamburg American Company's steamer Normannia, which arrived at New York on Aug. 22, has been arrested on a charge of murdering Mayer, whose corpse was shipped for New York from Copenhagen in a soap-barrel last April.

HUMOURING A STRANGER.

A stockbroker who was on his way to the City (the *City Press* says) observed that one of his fellow-passengers in the 'bus was closely regarding him, and after a time the man leaned over and asked, "Didn't I see you in Liverpool in 1879?" The broker wasn't in Liverpool that year, but, thinking to humour the stranger, he replied in the affirmative. "Don't you remember handing a poor shivering wretch a half-crown one night outside the Royal Hotel?" "I do." "Well, I'm the chap. I was hard up, out of work, and about to commit suicide. That money made a new man of me. By one lucky spec and another I am now worth £5000." "Ah, glad to hear it." "And now I want you to take a sovereign in place of that half-crown. I cannot feel easy until the debt is paid." The broker protested and objected, but finally, just to humour the man, he took the £5 note offered him, and returned the £4 change. The stranger soon left the 'bus, and everything might have ended then and there, if the broker, on reaching the office, hadn't ascertained that the "fiver" was a counterfeit, and that he was £4 out of pocket.

The cruiser Charleston, Admiral Brown, from Honolulu, brings the intelligence that King Kalukaua is now probably a prisoner or is in exile. When the ship left a revolution was imminent, the rebels being stronger than the Government.

An extraordinary statement was made during the hearing of a case at the London Sessions on Saturday. A man named Spurge was indicted for assaulting a girl aged nine. Prosecutrix, in cross-examination, said she knew her statement off by heart, it having been read over to her five times by an officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The accused was at once discharged, and the chairman directed that the officer who had acted so indiscreetly should attend the next sitting of the Court.

Cholera made further progress in Spain during the past week. No less than 432 cases, with 215 deaths, occurred during the week, bringing up the total since the beginning of the outbreak to 2314 cases, with 1167 deaths. The authorities have reason to suppose that many families, especially in well-to-do circles, conceal some cases in which the patient has recovered. At present cholera exists more or less in the provinces of Badajoz, Alicante, Castillon, Taragona, Valencia, Carthagena, and Toledo. The authorities take great precautions in Madrid.

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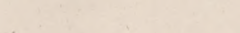

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Bands play Daily from Twelve noon to Eleven p.m.

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Ascents of Spencer's Great War Balloon.
Fireworks. Fireworks. Fireworks.
Display by the Royal Horse Artillery, consisting of Lemon-Cutting, Tilting at the Ring, Heads and Posts, Tent-Pegging, Driving Competition, and Balaclava Mêlée.
Assault-at-Arms by the Lambeth Polytechnic.
Retreat and Torchlight Tattoo by the Drums and Fifes of the 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers.
Grand Gymnastic Display by the Instructors of the Army Gymnasium, Aldershot, under the direction of Sergeant-Major Noakes.
Display by the Staff of the Regent-street Polytechnic, under Colour-Sergeant Elliott.
Dancing Highland Reels, &c., by the Pipers of the 1st Battalion Scots Guards.
FOR DETAILS SEE DAILY PAPERS.

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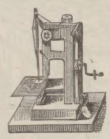

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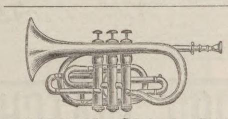

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DR. SCOTT'S PILLS. Are a Tonic Purifier.

DR. SCOTT'S PILLS. Restore the Appetite.

DR. SCOTT'S PILLS. Induce Cheerfulness.

DR. SCOTT'S PILLS. The best Family Medicine.

DR. SCOTT'S BILIOUS and LIVER PILLS are wrapped in a square green package, bearing the name of the Proprietor, W. LAMBERT, 173, Seymour-place, London, W.

BENZINE COLLAS. Ask for "COLLAS."

CLEANS GLOVES.—CLEANS DRESSES.
CLEANS GLOVES.—CLEANS DRESSES.
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BENZINE COLLAS. Buy "Collas."

REMOVES TAR, OIL,—PAINT, GREASE,
REMOVES TAR, OIL,—PAINT, GREASE,
FROM FURNITURE,—CLOTH, &c.

BENZINE COLLAS. Try "Collas."

See the word COLLAS on the Label and Cap. Extra refined, nearly odourless. On using becoming quite odourless.

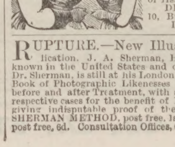
BENZINE COLLAS. Ask for "COLLAS"

Preparation and take no other. Sold everywhere, 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d. per Bottle. Agents: J. SANGER and SONS, 489, Oxford-street, W.

DELIGHTED ARE THE LADIES

who use Allwood's Patent Minerva Taper-headed Double-grooved Needles. EASY to Thread and EASY to Sew with. Samples Free on receipt of Two Stamps from the SOLE MANUFACTURERS of Minerva Needles,

WM. ALLWOOD and SONS, ALCESTER. Established 1796. Sold by Drapers Everywhere.



TOO FAT.

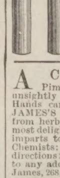
Dr. GORDON'S Elegant PILLS cure STOUTNESS rapidly and certainly. State height, weight, and send 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., or 11s. to DR. GORDON, 10, Brunswick-square, London, W.C.

RUPTURE.—New Illustrated Publication. J. A. Sherman, Hernia Specialist, known in the United States and other countries as Dr. Sherman, is still at his London Office. His New Book of Photographic Likenesses of English cases before and after Treatment, with statements of the respective cases for the benefit of Rupture sufferers, giving indisputable proof of the efficacy of THE SHERMAN METHOD, post free, 1s. 3d. Plain Book, post free, 6d. Consultation Offices, 64, Chancery-lane.

HAVE YOU A CATALOGUE? "TIS READY" SHAKESPEARE.

BUY YOUR WATCHES AND JEWELLERY DIRECT.

Silver Watches from 12s.; Gold, 25s.; Silver Brooches, 10d.; Earrings, 8d.; Lockets, 1s. 3d.; Necklets, 3s.; Pencils, 1s.; Scarf-Pins, 6d.; Gold Dress Rings, 3s. 6d.; Lockets, 3s. 6d., Earrings, 2s. 9d. Genuine gold and silver guaranteed. Grand New Catalogue, 1200 Engravings, of high-class Watches and Jewellery, POST FREE on application. See one before purchasing. S. MEEKS, 100, Spencer-street, Birmingham.



CORN AND BUNION EXTERMINATOR.

NEVER FAILS.

An ingenious little instrument anyone can use. Highest Surgical Testimonials. Post free, 13 stamps. Bunion and Chilblain Ointment. Absolutely cures Gouty and all painful Affections of Tender Feet, Soft Corns, Stiff or Enlarged Toes and Joints, &c., 15 stamps. All diseases of the feet (Spécialité—Nails) successfully treated personally by RENDALL and GARDNER, Chiropodists, 85, Regent St., London, W.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION. Pimples, Black Specks, Freckles, Sunburn, and unsightly Blotches on the Face, Neck, Arms, and Hands can be instantly removed by using Mrs. JAMES'S HERBAL OINTMENT, made entirely from herbs, and warranted harmless. It possesses a most delightful fragrance, and the lovely clearness it imparts to the skin astonishes everyone. Of most Chemists; or a box of it sent (with testimonials and directions for use), post free and free from observation to any address, on receipt of 15 stamps, to Mrs. C. James, 268, Caledonian-road, Barnsbury, London, N.

HAIR DESTROYER.—JAMES'S Depilatory instantly and effectually removes superfluous hairs from the Face, Neck, or Arms, without injury to the skin. No lady should be without it. To be had of most Chemists; or a box of it sent (with directions), free from observation, post free, 15 stamps. Mrs. C. JAMES, 268, Caledonian-road, London, N.

LUXURIANT HAIR.—Long Flowing Eyelashes, Eyebrows, &c., are Quickly Produced by using JAMES'S HERBAL POMADE. It is most invaluable for the production of whiskers, beard, and moustachios; it causes the hair to grow on bald places and scanty partings like magic. Of all Chemists, 1s.; or a box of it sent (with directions for use), free from observation, post free for 15 stamps.—Mrs. C. JAMES, 268, Caledonian-road, London, N.

"A Woman's Crowning Glory is Her Hair."

KOKO FOR THE HAIR

WILL POSITIVELY STOP HAIR FROM FALLING OUT

WILL SURELY INCREASE THE GROWTH OF HAIR

ENSURES MAGNIFICENT TRESSES.

KOKO FOR THE HAIR is a tonic, cleansing, invigorating preparation, causes the hair to grow *luxuriantly*, keeps it soft and pliant, imparts to it the *lustre and freshness of youth*, eradicates dandriff, *prevents hair from falling*, is *the most cleanly* of all hair preparations, and is *perfectly harmless.*

Sold by Druggists, Chemists, Hairdressers, &c., at 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per Bottle of 6 oz. and 12 oz.

If you have trouble to procure it, send Postal Order for **4s. 6d.** or **2s. 6d.** to **KOKO-MARICOPAS CO., 9, Prince Teck Buildings, Earl's Court, London,** and receive a Bottle, under cover, Free by Parcel Post; or call at **233, Regent-street,** and see the wonderful hair on exhibition.

SPECIAL OFFER TO READERS OF "PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER."

4/6 Trial Bottle for 2/-

Any person forwarding this Coupon and P.O. for Two Shillings, and Five Stamps to pay postage, package, &c., will receive immediately, for trial, by Parcel Post, under cover, prepaid, **One regular 12 oz. Bottle of Koko for the Hair,** the price of which is **4s. 6d.,** provided it is ordered not later than **ten days from date of this Coupon.** We make the offer solely for trial, knowing it **creates a demand when once used;** and this large bottle gives it a fair trial. We find it better to thus practically give away one bottle to make a customer than to spend large amounts in advertising. **Any person into whose hands this offer comes may avail themselves of it.**

You can order at once on receipt of this Coupon.

Address all orders, **with Coupon,** to

KOKO-MARICOPAS CO.,
9, PRINCE TECK BUILDINGS,
EARL'S COURT, LONDON.

This Coupon may be renewed after the expiration of the ten days by writing to us, providing we are then issuing these Trial Bottle Coupons.

This Coupon will be received at Earl's Court or 233, Regent-street, W., and 2s. only will be required when so presented.

No. B. 39 **COUPON** DATED *Aug. 30, '90*

KOKO

This entitles *the Holder to a 4/6 Bottle on the Conditions stated above.* *Koko-Maricopas Co.*

AN AUTHORITATIVE ANALYSIS.

"Chemical Laboratory,
"54, Holborn Viaduct, London, Jan. 18, 1888.

"I hereby certify that I have submitted to a careful examination and Chemical Analysis a sample, purchased by myself from the stock of a well-known firm of Wholesale Druggists, of the preparation known as 'Koko for the Hair.'

"I have found nothing in this preparation which could be injurious either to the head or hair, and the results of the analysis lead me to pronounce 'Koko for the Hair' a pleasant dressing, which would undoubtedly be advantageous in many cases. I discovered in the preparation no ingredients of the nature of a colouring matter or dye.
"EDWY GODWIN CLAYTON, F.I.C., F.C.S.
"Member of the Society of Public Analysts," &c.

UNANSWERABLE ARGUMENTS.

LIKE IT EXCEEDINGLY.

Lady Gertrude Stock, Maryland, Dumfries, N.B., writes: "I like the hair wash exceedingly, and prefer it to any I have ever used. My hair has certainly become thicker since I have used it, and does not come off as it did, and I also find it very pleasant and quite free from all the sticky, nasty stuff found in most other washes."

NO FEAR OF FALLING.

Miss A. Phillips, 14, Princes-road, Great Yarmouth, writes: "For years I have been unable to do anything with my hair, being afraid to brush or comb it, as it came out so badly. I have tried several preparations, but have not received any benefit from any of them. After having used 'Koko' but a short time, I could brush and comb it without the least fear of it falling off."

FOR CHILDREN'S HAIR.

Mrs. Oliver, Twynyrodyn, Wemroe, near Cardiff, writes: "I am pleased to add a word in favour of 'Koko.' I find it an excellent dressing both for my own and my children's hair."

HAIR NICE AND SOFT.

Miss A. Bull, 9, Westfield-road, Shipley, Yorks, says: "I like 'Koko' better than any preparation I ever used. There is no stickiness whatever after using it, and my hair is as nice and soft as though just washed. My hair has come off very much for years, but I must say since using 'Koko' it has not done so half as much."

VERY MUCH IMPROVED.

Miss S. Saunders, Hill Farm, Stow Bridge, near Downham, writes: "Your 'Koko for the Hair' gives great satisfaction, although I do not consider I have yet given it a fair trial. My hair had begun to fall off, but since using 'Koko' it has very much improved, and it gives the hair a soft, glossy appearance."

HAS DONE MUCH.

Mr. E. W. Cooper, 33, Bailey-street, Luton, Beds, writes: "In a few weeks your 'Koko' has done much to prove its own merits. No doubt by my recommendations you will receive further orders."

NEVER WITHOUT IT.

Miss Bond, 16, St. Mary-street, Weymouth, Dorset, writes: "I am pleased with 'Koko for the Hair,' and think it is, without exception, the nicest preparation I have ever used, and I hope never to be without it."

HAIR STRONGER AND THICKER.

Mrs. Griffin, Wightman-road, Hornsey, N., writes: "I have found your 'Koko' most beneficial, for my hair is stronger and thicker since using it."

A DELIGHTFUL PREPARATION.

Miss Mayo, Bronawey, Dorchester, writes: "I like immensely the 'Koko' you sent, and shall certainly recommend it to my friends as a delightful preparation for the hair."

"DON'T GO BALD!"

NOTHING TO EQUAL IT.

Miss M. A. Davies, 2, Bruce-road, Bromley-by-Bow, writes: "I have much pleasure in stating that 'Koko' has positively stopped my hair from falling off, and I am quite certain there is nothing to equal it."

INVIGORATES WHISKERS.

Mr. W. J. Stevens, 37, Magdold-road, Gloucester, writes: "It affords me pleasure to state that I have found 'Koko' a most excellent dressing for the hair, and also a positive invigorator for the whiskers. I may truthfully say I have used many other dressings for the hair, but have found this far surpasses them."

FROM "THE PROFESSION."

Mr. Henry Westland, of Toole's Theatre, Strand, W.C., writes: "'Koko' will certainly arrest the falling off of the hair, strengthen and increase its growth. I have recommended it to many friends, and in every case it has given great satisfaction."

IT ACTS LIKE A CHARM.

Mrs. W. Sidney (the well-known actress), 17, Beauchamp-road, Lavender-hill, S.W., writes: "I am extremely pleased with your preparation for the hair ('Koko'), as it acts like a charm with me."

THOUSANDS ON FILE.

Every Extract printed above, together with thousands of other unsolicited testimonials and duplicate orders, are on file in the original envelopes, just as they have been received from people all over the Kingdom.

GOOD HAIR—HOW KEPT.

The Proprietors of "Koko for the Hair" have enlarged and illustrated their work "Good Hair—How Kept," making it a valuable 48-page book on the Human Hair, its Structure, Growth, Colour, Preservation, Diseases and their Rational Treatment—Why Hair Falls Out, Why it Turns Grey, Why it Splits, &c.—Directions for the Care of the Hair, with valuable Recipes. Sent post free for Six Stamps.

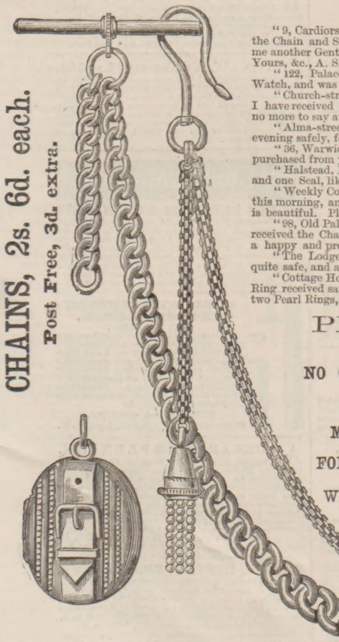
50,000 WATCHES TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

2/6 each! EGYPTIAN GOLD CHAINS! 2/6 each!

In order to introduce our **Egyptian Gold Jewellery** to the notice of the Readers of this Journal, we intend **Presenting a Watch,** as shown in engraving, to every Purchaser of one of our **Gold Chains,** which for wear and appearance equals one costing £10. We are daily receiving hundreds of unsolicited testimonials. Intending purchasers should **Send at Once** in order to secure this Wonderful **Gift.** Sent, carriage paid, on receipt of **Postal Order or Stamps for 2s. 9d.;** Two, post-free, 5s. 3d.; **Locket or Seal Charm, 1s. extra.**

The great success which has attended the sale of our **Egyptian Gold Alberts** has induced others to come forward and offer an inferior article at lower price. Do not be misled by misrepresentations; as a proof of the satisfaction given by us we print a few of the many testimonials received by us daily. Before you buy of us read what our customers say.

CHAINS, 2s. 6d. each.
Post Free, 3d. extra.



UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS.

"9, Cardiors-street, Dalling-road, Hammersmith, May 7, 1890.—Dear Sir,—I received the Chain and Seal, also the Watch, and am very pleased with them. Will you send me another Gentleman's Chain and Seal, also the Watch? I enclose Postal Order, 3s. 9d.—Yours, &c., A. Sayers."

"122, Palace-colliery, Bothwell, May 2, 1890.—Dear Sir,—I received the Chain and Watch, and was very pleased with them.—Yours sincerely, George Wilson."

"Church-street, Lumley, March 16, 1888.—Dear Sir,—I write to let you know that I have received the Albert and Watch all safe, and am well pleased with them. I have no more to say at present.—W. Tweedy."

"Alma-street, Kentish Town, April 27, 1888.—I received Chain and Watch last evening safely, for which receive my best thanks. I am very pleased with both.—W. S."

"36, Warwick-road, Maida-hill, April 23, 1888.—My sister having seen the Chain I purchased from you, she would like one like it. Please send one.—Mrs. Leggatt."

"Halstead, Essex, Dec. 20, 1888.—Sir,—Please send me two more Chains, one Locket and one Seal, like the ones you have sent; also the Watches.—Yours truly, Wm. Cooper."

"Weekly Cottage, Kettering, Aug. 31, 1888.—Sir,—I received the Watch and Chain this morning, and was very pleased, more so with the Watch presented, as I think it is beautiful. Please send Sovereign Purse, 2s. 6d.—B. Barker."

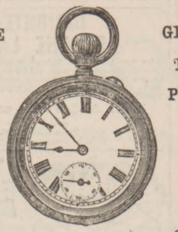
"98, Old Palace-road, Norwich, Dec. 30, 1888.—Sir,—I write to let you know that I received the Chain and Watch safely, and am very pleased with them. Wishing you a happy and prosperous New Year.—Yours truly, R. Clapton."

"The Lodge, Market Bosworth, Feb. 20, 1890.—Dear Sir,—I received Chain, &c., quite safe, and am well pleased with them.—Yours truly, J. Stone."

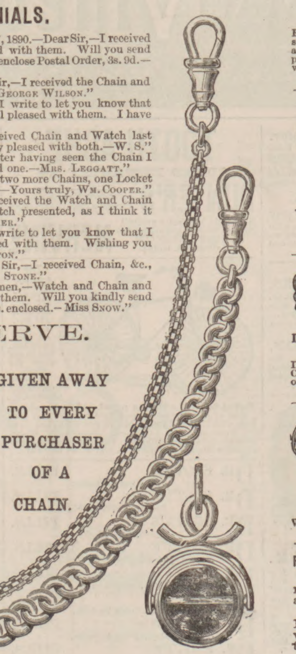
"Cottage Hospital, Faversham, Feb. 14, 1890.—Gentlemen,—Watch and Chain and Ring received safely this morning. I am very pleased with them. Will you kindly send two Pearl Rings, 209 in your Catalogue, 1s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.? 6s. enclosed.—Miss Snow."

PLEASE OBSERVE.

NO CHARGE IS MADE FOR THE WATCH.

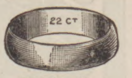


GIVEN AWAY TO EVERY PURCHASER OF A CHAIN.



EGYPTIAN GOLD AND CARBON DIAMONDS.

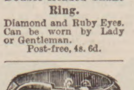
The only perfect substitute yet invented. The new Gold and Diamonds are perfect in every respect, imitating in appearance 18-ct. Gold and Diamonds of the first water. Having been tested, we are confident of their wear. They will stand all Waters, Acids, Alkali, Heat, &c., the Gold being one colour throughout, and beautifully finished. The Stones are set by experienced setters, the lustre rendering them equal to the most expensive Diamonds.



Wedding Ring.
Equals 22-ct., and is stamped; has as good an appearance; answers same purpose; will stand all waters.
Post-free, 1s. 6d.

Five-Stone Engagement Ring.
White or Mixed Stones.
Very handsome.
Post-free, 3s. 6d.

Double-Headed Snake Ring.
Diamond and Ruby Eyes. Can be worn by Lady or Gentleman.
Post-free, 4s. 6d.



Buckle Keeper.
Beautifully engraved.
With Polished Buckle.
Post-free, 1s. 6d.

Engraved Keeper.
Beautifully chased and well finished, equal to one costing 50s.; detection defied. Post-free, 1s. 6d.

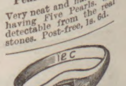
Gent's Single-Stone Lustrous Brilliant Claw Ring.
Most fashionable setting (The Jubilee). No more £20 ones required—this is as good. Post-free, 1s. 6d.

The Beatrice.
Our latest Design. Can be had in any kind of Stones, Pearls, Corals, Rubies, &c. Style, quality, and economy combined. Post-free, 2s. 6d.

Handsome Buckle with One Splendid Brilliant.
Can be worn without fear of detection.
Post-free, 3s. 6d.

Ladies' 5-Stone Half-Hoop Dress Ring.
Very handsome (our spécialité); mixed stones; wear guaranteed; equal to one costing £5.
Post-free, 1s. 6d.

Pearl Dress Ring.
Very neat and handsome, having Five Pearls, undetectable from the real stones. Post-free, 1s. 6d.



Ladies' Gipsy Brilliant Ring.
A Perfect Gem.
A Pretty Present.
Post-free, 1s. 6d.

Gent's Massive Blood Stone Signet Ring.
Really Marvellous Value.
Selling in Thousands.
Post-free, 2s. 9d.

READ THESE TESTIMONIALS AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES. HUNDREDS RECEIVED DAILY.

"Highbury House, St. Leonards, Jan. 23, 1890.—Dear Sir,—I thank you very much for the ring you sent me this morning. Your prices are next to nothing, and the articles very handsome.—Yours sincerely, Edward J. Ford."

"28, Dominick-street, Mullingar, Westmeath, Jan. 23, 1890.—Gentlemen,—I received the two rings this morning, and am very much pleased with them. All who have seen them praise them very much. I shall recommend your goods in this town. I send you herewith 3s. 9d. for chain and locket.—Yours respectfully, "Bernard Reilly."

For Size of Finger, cut hole in card.

SEND FOR OUR NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, NOW READY POST FREE.

NOTICE.—Postal Orders preferred.

Only Address— **P. GRAHAM & CO., 277, STRAND, LONDON.** (Near New Law Courts.) No Connection with any other firm.